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PHANTOM CLUB PAPERS

THIRD SERIES

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PREFACE.

If we may accept at face value the cordial welcome extended by our friends to the volumes of Phantom Club Papers heretofore published, we may be pardoned for assuming that the present volume will be not less kindly received.

It is our painful duty to note that since the issue of our last volume we have been called to mourn the loss of four of our members—Irving M. Bean, Ogden H. Fethers, Joseph V. Quarles and James A. Bryden. Obituary tributes to these brethren will be found in the last pages of the volume, but words wholly fail to measure the sorrow caused by loss of such companionship.

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THE CHICAGO CONVENTION OF 1860 AND THE MAN IT NOMINATED.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

By Gerry W. Hazelton.

History measures the significance of events by relation. The importance of an incident is determined, not by the temporary enthusiasm it awakens, but by its bearing upon other incidents which follow in its train. These may be far reaching and of transcendent import, or they may collapse and disappear like bubbles on the stream. It all depends. If they mark a change in the trend of events and develop into large proportions and grand achievement, they emphasize and illumine the initial incident. If they prove abortive, the incident is shorn of significance and the historian takes no note of it.

The convention which assembled in the Wigwam, in the City of Chicago, in May, 1860, to nominate a candidate for president, assumes historic prominence only because of its relation to succeeding events.

As a mere agency for discharging one of the functions of a political party that convention was substantially like all nominating conventions. It assembled, organized, appointed its committees, proclaimed its platform, nominated its candidates and adjourned, as similar conventions had done before and have done since; yet be-

cause the man it named for president won a place in the ranks of the immortals, that convention enjoys an eminence accorded to no other in the history of the republic.

Those who shared in or witnessed its proceedings cannot fail to remember it with special interest. It was my privilege to be present as a spectator, anxious to observe what was transpiring; and much of what I saw is still, after these many years, distinct in my recollection, and I hardly need explain the impulse which has prompted the preparation of this paper. I was not only a spectator, but a very sympathetic one, and it affords me pleasure to recall that I witnessed the proceedings which introduced to the world one of the most unique and engaging characters in history. The things which appeal to us are longest remembered and most frequently reverted to.

The occasion, as may well be imagined, was marked by many interesting and exciting incidents, and in respect of the enthusiasm which pervaded the entire city during the week of the convention it was unlike any other I have ever attended.

It is now more than fifty years since that convention assembled. Not one of the delegates prominent in the proceedings remains, and only a few of those in the Wide-Awake marching clubs which paraded the streets, or of the throngs of citizens who cheered them as they passed, are living now. The banners which gayly fluttered and flaunted in the crowded streets during those eventful days were long ago consumed by moth and rust.

Indeed, the convention itself is so distinctly a thing of the past, that it can now be discussed and considered, with entire freedom from restraint.

While it embraced many of the eminent statesmen and orators of that day, it can hardly be claimed that the proportion of such was greater than is usually found in a national convention; but the spirit which pervaded its deliberations, the spirit which was encountered on the streets and in the hotels of Chicago, served to distinguish it from all other similar gatherings.

It is impossible at the present time to get an adequate conception of the feeling which animated the masses of people gathered from all the northern states to witness and to manifest their intense interest in the activities and purposes of the occasion. We are too far removed from it. It belongs to a past era, but we are sufficiently familiar with historic data to comprehend something of the state of public sentiment at that period.

The repeal of the Missouri compromise, the Dred Scott Decision, the bloody and desperate attempt to force slavery into Kansas, coupled with inflamed and intemperate oratory, had created the impression that the slave power, as it was called, had resolved to dominate the government and control its future policy. The relations between the two sections had become strained as never before, and while it was earnestly hoped that civil strife might be averted, there were many who thought the trend of events pointed unmistakably to that dread result.

It will thus be seen that the convention assembled at a critical moment in the history of the government.

The reason for calling it in Chicago is only a matter of conjecture, but it is altogether probable that it was a concession on the part of Seward's managers, which was deemed at the time good politics. New York and New England were thought to be well in hand; several of the northwestern states were friendly to Seward, and Mr. Weed of Albany, who was Seward's most intimate friend and leading manager, doubtless believed it a good stroke of policy to yield to the pressure of Illinois and the northwest for Chicago. It was a fatal mistake, but it must be remembered that at that time the Lincoln boom was too insignificant to excite serious consideration. For months the trend of sentiment was decidedly favorable to Seward. His public career had been exceptionally brilliant and attractive. He had achieved eminence at the bar; he had attracted attention as governor of the Empire State; he had come to be recognized as the leader of his party in the Senate; his views on all the great issues of the period were in harmony with those of his party; and his friends were so confident of his nomination when the convention assembled that they were totally unprepared for what followed.

The candidate next in prominence was Salmon P. Chase of Ohio, a statesman of distinguished ability, who, like Seward, had been governor of his state before taking a seat in the Senate. Intellectually he was the peer of any of his contemporaries, but owing to his radical views

on sectional questions was less acceptable to party leaders than Mr. Seward; but aside from this he was not a politician himself and his managers were thoroughly outclassed by the friends of Seward and of Lincoln.

Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania was a nominal candidate, but at no time was his candidacy regarded as anything more than trading stock.

The Missouri delegates were moderately enthusiastic in the support of Edward Bates, an old line Whig of the conservative type, whose support, outside his own state, was due almost entirely to the friendly feeling of Horace Greeley of the New York Tribune. Horace thought him the man for the hour.

Lincoln was the dark horse. No one knew his strength, and few understood that the winds of heaven were blowing his way. It can hardly be said that his representatives in and about the convention were superior to those who were looking after the interests of Mr. Seward, but it can be said that they understood their business to the minutest detail, and they had the advantage of location. They knew Lincoln, they believed in him, they admired him, they loved him, and they rallied to his support with a measure of enthusiasm which knew no limitations; and they had the moral support of the thousands of citizens who had come from all parts of Illinois to discharge what seemed to them a patriotic duty. They antagonized no one, they eagerly pledged their support to the successful candidate, but they claimed that Lincoln had elements of strength with the plain people, par-

ticularly those of the west and northwest, which could not be safely overlooked. They had another advantage. If Seward was nominated the New York politicians would be likely to have a larger control of patronage than others were willing to concede.

These were the candidates whose names were to go before the convention. One of them was certain to be nominated. Mr. Weed sent a dispatch to his paper, the Albany Journal, on the morning of the convention, that it would be William H. Seward. He doubtless believed it.

I pause here to direct attention to certain matters of detail which are associated with the convention and for this reason cannot be overlooked.

Chicago, in May, 1860, claimed a population of 115,000 souls. Many of the leading citizens of the town remembered it when it was hardly more than a frontier settlement. Its growth had been phenomenal and the claim was frequently heard even then that it was destined to become ere long one of the world's great business marts. At this time the city was believed to have ample hotel capacity to accommodate the convention, but lacked an adequate auditorium. This the committee agreed to supply, and the historic Wigwam was the redemption of the pledge.

It was a rude structure made of undressed lumber, intended only for the immediate purpose to which it was devoted; and all the more interesting because it was unique and suggestive of the frontier. The exact dimensions are not recalled, but it furnished ample space

for the delegates and alternates, as well as the accredited representatives of the Press, on what might literally be called the ground floor, but for the liberal supply of sawdust which concealed it. The posts were high enough to afford gallery room for spectators, though not by any means adequate to the demand.

At either end were wide spaces for ingress and egress protected by sliding doors guarded by the sergeant-at-arms and his deputies. On the north side was the platform, midway between either end of the building, and the seats for the delegates were heavy boards supported by strong wooden chairs. The roof was in keeping with the general character of the structure.

Such was the enclosure in which a chapter was to be written in the history of the republic not less important in the cause of civilization than the chapter written at Runnymede more than six centuries earlier, or the chapter written by our forefathers in 1776 in Independence Hall.

Outside, the streets were crowded with moving masses of humanity watching and cheering the various clubs and organizations as they marched to their headquarters or paraded the streets to demonstrate their enthusiasm and their loyalty to their particular candidates. One could hardly walk a block without encountering a band of music, or witnessing a knot of people telling each other what they had seen or speculating on the probable action of the convention.

Entering one of the hotels on the afternoon preceding

the day of the convention. I recall seeing Mr. Greeley surrounded by a crowd of curious people eager to see the man about whom so much was said, and to hear what he had to say. He was a delegate to the convention, not from his own state, but from Oregon. Hostile to Seward, and hence unable to secure a seat in the convention from New York, he had managed to obtain a proxy from one of the Oregon delegates which entitled him to share in the proceedings as a member of that delegation. Mr. Greeley undoubtedly excited more curiosity than any other delegate in the convention. He was the founder and editor of the New York Tribune, and his friends thought him the leading journalist of his time. Every one was anxious to see him, and the people in the galleries asked to have him pointed out. He was not friendly to Lincoln at the time, and there is reason to believe he never cared to be classed with his admirers.

There is another incident which lingers in memory, though not perhaps of any real importance except as it illustrates the spirit of the gathering. The delegation from Montana had brought with them a most delightful singer. He was a man in middle life, of winning manners, and with a voice as clear and sweet as the notes of a silver bell. I have heard many of the noted singers of my time, but never a sweeter voice than his. He had come to sing and to swell the enthusiasm of the occasion, and it is hardly necessary to add that he did not lack an audience. He went from one hotel to another with a crowd of admirers in his train. Occasionally, he would

stop on the street corner and instantly a crowd would gather to listen, to admire and to cheer. The songs of the Civil War were then an unknown quantity. He sang "My Country 'Tis of Thee, Sweet Land of Liberty," the "Star Spangled Banner," "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean" and "The Sword of Bunker Hill." The last named seemed to be the favorite with the crowd, and they shouted and swung their hats like a mass of excited boys when he sang "And thirty millions bless the sires and sword of Bunker Hill!" These old songs would not move us now, the conditions are all so different; but they stirred the listeners then like a trumpet call.

At the headquarters of the Illinois delegation, where a crowd of Lincoln's friends could always be found, two old rails were displayed which it was said were split by Lincoln and John Hanks in 1830.

The Missouri delegation had brought to Chicago with them a huge bowie knife, some eight or ten feet long, which was labeled: "The knife that John F. Potter intended to use in his engagement with Roger A. Prior had the affair not been called off."

The weapon only excited amusement for the time being, but the rails proved an important factor in the campaign and have been assigned a place in history, like the log cabin of 1840.

Curiosity led an immense throng of people to the Wigwam on the evening preceding the day of the convention. Among these were many delegates anxious to see the

novel structure in which the convention was to conduct its business.

In response to a general desire, some one called the gathering to order and an hour or more was spent in listening to speeches. Governor Andrews of Massachusetts, W. D. Kelly of Pennsylvania and Carl Schurz of Wisconsin were among the speakers, all of whom were heard with eager interest.

The 16th of May dawned fair and bright, and long before twelve o'clock the galleries of the Wigwam were crowded with people, and tens of thousands were in the streets watching the arrival of delegates. At a few minutes after twelve, Mr. E. D. Morgan of New York, chairman of the National Committee, called the convention to order, and at the conclusion of a stirring speech nominated David Wilmot of Pennsylvania, the well known author of the Wilmot Proviso, for temporary chairman.

An amusing exchange of compliments occurred during the organization of the convention, which disclosed Mr. Greeley's readiness at retort. He had submitted a motion on some subject which he deemed of sufficient importance to engage the attention of the convention, and supported the same with a few remarks. The motion was antagonized by one of the delegates, who alluded to Mr. Greeley as the distinguished gentleman from Oregon. The allusion was evidently relished by the New York delegation, but no sooner had the delegate resumed his seat than Mr. Greeley was on his feet.

"The gentleman," said Mr. Greeley, in his peculiar

falsetto voice, which attracted general attention, "the gentleman from Rhode Island or Delaware, or some place unknown to me, evidently does not comprehend the purport of my motion." The retort occasioned general merriment and left the impression that the distinguished gentleman from Oregon was able to take care of himself.

The day closed with the selection of George Ashman of Massachusetts, then a distinguished member of Congress, as permanent president, and the preliminary work of the convention was accomplished.

The consideration of the platform was reserved for the following day. The popular understanding is that the committee on resolutions formulates the platform. In point of fact, various delegates come to the convention with resolutions already drafted for the consideration of the committee, and from these, as drawn or amended by the committee, the platform is finally agreed upon and reported to the convention.

One of the most interesting incidents of the day grew out of the consideration of the platform. After the same was read, the question of its adoption was submitted, when Mr. Giddings moved an amendment to the first resolution, embracing a phrase from the Declaration of Independence, affirming that all men are created equal, and endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Instead of adopting this amendment, as the logic of the situation required, it was opposed by the chairman of the committee as unnecessary, and some-

what timidly rejected, whereupon Mr. Giddings took his hat and withdrew from the convention. Before he had reached the door of the Wigwam, George William Curtis sprang to his feet and shouted—"Mr. President!" A hush fell upon the assembly, and all eyes were turned toward the speaker. In a moment came cries from all quarters—"Take the platform! Take the platform!" "No," said Mr. Curtis, mounting the bench, "I can be heard from here." He then proceeded to read an amendment to the second resolution substantially the same as that just voted down. A question of order was raised and overruled, and in a clear, ringing voice the speaker continued: "Gentlemen of the Convention, I beg you to consider well, consider well, whether you are prepared to go before the people in the campaign which is just before us in defense of the charge that here in this convention, here where the free winds of heaven sweep over your teeming prairies, here in the City of Chicago, in the summer of 1860, you winced and quailed and shrank from giving your sanction to the words of the immortal declaration proclaimed to the world by our fathers in 1776!" The earnest pleading voice of the orator reached every ear in the convention. The scene was dramatic. I can almost fancy I hear it now as I heard it then—a challenge to the manhood of every delegate, as resistless as the sweep of a tempest. The amendment which had just been rejected was adopted with a tumultuous aye, and before the applause had subsided Mr. Giddings returned to his seat with a show of delight and satisfaction he took no

pains to conceal. I have heard many eloquent speeches, but I recall none more effective than the brief appeal of George William Curtis in that convention on that afternoon.

The nomination was to be made on the following day, and the crowd in and about the Wigwam when the convention was called to order indicated the intense interest in the event. After the informal ballot the name of Cameron was withdrawn and the list of candidates was reduced to four. No one expected that the first ballot would decide the contest, but it was expected to close out the weaker candidates and to limit the choice to either Seward or Lincoln, because it had become manifest that one of these would win the prize. The most intense interest was manifested as the states were called. On the first formal ballot Seward received 184½ votes, Chase 42½, Bate 35, Lincoln 181, scattering 22; whole number 465; necessary to a choice 233. Seward had received the most votes, but Lincoln was a close second, and his friends were jubilant.

The second ballot followed. The changes were all to Lincoln and it quickly became apparent that Lincoln was to be the nominee of the convention. The vote for Seward was 180, for Lincoln 231½, and when Mr. Carter of Ohio transferred four votes from Chase to Lincoln the requisite majority was assured and the exciting and momentous contest was settled. Interest now centered in the New York delegation. It was known that their disappointment was extreme. They had come to the con-

vention with absolute confidence that their candidate would take the coveted honor. They had seen his flag go down in hopeless defeat, and their hearts were sore.

A hurried consultation was held among the leaders of the New York delegation, and when Mr. Evarts arose and moved that the nomination of Mr. Lincoln be made unanimous the scene which followed beggared description. The delegates sprang to their feet and cheered and threw their hats in the air and hugged each other in a wild transport of enthusiasm. Outside was heard the boom, boom, boom, of the artillery, and the tumult and cheering of the people was like the roar of Niagara. At length the president succeeded in restoring order, and the motion of Mr. Evarts was adopted with a thunderous aye. Lincoln was the unanimous choice of the convention.

The nomination of Hannibal Hamlin of Maine for vice president quickly followed, and the work of the convention passed into history.

In the light of modern methods it is interesting to know that no oratory was wasted in placing the names of candidates before the convention. "On behalf of the delegation from New York," said Mr. Evarts, "I nominate William H. Seward." "On behalf of the Illinois delegation," said Mr. Judd, "I nominate Abraham Lincoln." The other names were presented in the same simple and dignified manner. The speech of Ingersoll in the Cincinnati convention in 1876 in nominating Blaine was a splendid exhibition of oratory. Nothing could be finer; but it did not change a vote. The same may be

said of Conklin's speech for Grant and Garfield's speech for Sherman in the Chicago convention in 1880. In each instance the speech was unavailing. But it is hardly probable the sensible and impressive precedent of that historic occasion will again be followed. There is always the lingering hope that a brilliant speech may be of service, and there is never any lack of orators in such conventions more than willing to be heard; and even if the eloquent and studied sentences and paragraphs are forgotten by the public, they can always be found in the scrap-book of the speaker.

Referring again to the disappointment of the New York delegation over the defeat of their candidate, it must be said that mingled with this feeling was the apprehension that the convention had made a grave mistake; and when the ostensible qualifications of the candidates are considered we are constrained to admit the reasonableness of this apprehension. For a quarter of a century Mr. Seward had been a conspicuous figure in public life. In the domain of statesmanship, he had attained the highest rank. He was generally recognized as the leader of his party, and his friends thought him the man of all others at that critical period to take the helm of government. On the other hand, Mr. Lincoln could hardly be said to hold any recognized rank as a factor in national affairs. He had won distinction in his debate with Douglas, and his address at Cooper Institute in February preceding his nomination had attracted marked attention, but it is due to truth to say that these achievements, however remark-

able and suggestive, were not accepted by the leaders at the seat of government as indicating that Mr. Lincoln possessed the executive ability required to cope with the mighty problems of the period. This feeling of distrust became more general as the outlook became more and more alarming. It was in the air, and Mr. Lincoln must have had poignant conception of it.

Mr. Seward's proposal to the president four weeks after the inauguration to relieve him of the duties and responsibilities of his office and assume them himself tells the whole story. Such an amazing proposition could only have been prompted by a sense of duty. Read in connection with his letter written to the president on the Sunday preceding the inauguration, it cannot be misunderstood. That Mr. Seward sincerely believed the president did not comprehend the needs of the situation cannot be doubted. On no other basis can his action be explained.

It was none the less a grave mistake, as Mr. Seward could not fail to realize when he read the president's dignified reply. It is one of the finest passages in Lincoln's career. In substance he said: "The people have called me to this office, and it is for me to meet its duties and responsibilities. I could not transfer them to another if I would. I shall always welcome the counsel of my advisers, but I cannot surrender the authority the people have entrusted to me."

The simple truth is that neither Mr. Seward nor the other members of the cabinet knew the president at this time. Indeed, it may be said, that no one knew him. His

old friends in Illinois who had traveled the circuits with him, and met him in the trial of cases, and heard him on memorable occasions, fancied they knew him. Doubtless they did have a higher conception of his capacity than those who made his acquaintance after he entered the White House. But this is the most that can be said.

Many who visited the White House and saw the president in seasons of relaxation when he was seeking relief from care and anxiety went away disappointed, fearing that he did not realize the gravity of the situation. They did not know him.

He was so unconventional, so modest, so simple in his manners, so distinctly individual that he was not comprehended. His latent powers were veiled. The Lincoln of history as we know him now was not yet discovered and could not be by a flash-light process. "Time," said Bishop Copplestone, "is no agent." True, but time is *opportunity,* and in that expansive word whose possibilities have never yet been fathomed, is found the golden chain which connects the Lincoln of the Wigwam,—the Lincoln Judd and Browning knew—with Lincoln the great historic figure.

But it must be borne in mind that he was subject to the same rule which governs all men who have difficulties to surmount and a goal to win. He could only move forward a step at a time. He could only demonstrate his capacity by meeting the dangers and difficulties of the situation as they arose. He could only gain the confidence of his cabinet, and of those who were anxiously awaiting developments from day to day, by the

display of superior wisdom and sagacity. But the day was sure to come when Mr. Seward and others would estimate him at his worth. It did come. The exigencies of a momentous crisis revealed his strength of character and the full measure of his resources, and those who had doubted and distrusted came to honor him for his commanding statesmanship and to love him for himself. In the fullness of time his clear vision, his self reliance, his superior wisdom, his capacity to deal with the largest problems, were gladly acknowledged and appreciated. He manifested a capacity which overshadowed his great secretaries, and constrained him more than once to disregard their counsel in the exercise of his own safer and better judgment. He disclosed a grasp of the situation which books could not supply and diplomas could not assure. Not book wise—he was wiser than books. Greatness was not thrust upon him; he achieved it.

And when the end came, and the white-winged messengers of peace were fluttering in the air, and the old flag was again streaming proudly from every battlement of the republic, honored and respected by the nations of the earth as it had never been before, the world knew that his was the guiding spirit of the crisis and that the rescue of the government from deadly peril was due, under God, to him.

That Lincoln stands in a class by himself cannot be questioned. He differed from all the standards, alike in physical and mental characteristics. From one point of view he seems to have been dominated by sentiment and

sympathy; from another, by all the elements of virility. Without the learning of the schools, he formulated sentences and paragraphs which have been assigned a place among the world's choicest classics. In repose his features were grave even to sadness, but no one had a keener sense of humor, or told an amusing story with more evident relish; to study him is a fascination.

It were difficult to find in the whole range of history an instance disclosing more striking diversity of vicissitudes than those which appear in the life of Lincoln. So circumscribed was the sphere of his activities on the Indiana clearing where he spent his boyhood, so limited his opportunities, that he never saw a printing press until after he was old enough to vote. But this was long before the invention of the power press of our time, long before the newspaper had assumed the prominence and influence in moulding public opinion which it now commands. It was when the Lincoln family was migrating from the farm at Gentryville to the Sangamon Valley in 1830 in a farm wagon drawn by four oxen. While the noon-day rest was being taken under the native trees at the little village, now city, of Vincennes, the young man sought out the office where the local paper was issued every Saturday morning, and there, in his patched and faded homespun, with uncovered head, he feasted his eyes on the old fashioned hand printing press which stood before him, little dreaming that later on in the century a momentous chapter was to be written on the pages of world history which

should lift a race out of bondage and light his name in fadeless glory down the ages.

No wonder the question is so often asked—What were the agencies which moulded this marvelous man into such completeness? It is difficult to say, because it is one of nature's secrets, but we naturally infer that his early environment must shed some light on the inquiry.

It will be borne in mind that from his childhood until he became established in his chosen profession, he was constrained to face and to surmount obstacles and difficulties. It was his fate to encounter barriers whichever way he turned. He had no knowledge of an unclouded pathway. He was never free from the spur of necessity. The trials, the struggles, the hardships of a frontier experience were the common heritage of the period. Manifestly, a severe school, but he knew no other. It was, nevertheless, the school for character building.

May we not assume that in battling with these adverse conditions he learned the need of fortitude, of courage, of patience, of self-reliance and strength of purpose?

May we not also indulge the belief that in this school and in his daily and sympathetic fellowship with the plain people were evolved those engaging traits of character and personality which appeal so strongly to the common heart of humanity, and illumine the whole realm of his public service? He was pre-eminently a composite, and it is only by blending Lincoln, the man of sentiment and sympathy, with Lincoln, the great leader and master of

affairs, that we gain an adequate concept of the secret of his fame.

His patience, his sagacity, his serenity of temper, his courage, his faith in the right, his abounding charity, his unerring judgment, these and other qualities we cannot define, entered into his marvelous equipment. He combined the strength, the virility, the insight of a great and masterful leader, with the tenderness, the affection, the sympathy, the sensibility of refined and honored womanhood—a combination so rare as to render him one of the most unique and fascinating personalities of all time. Search the roll of great historic names and you will agree that one, one only, appeals more powerfully to the universal heart of humanity. He, too, was of humble origin, and the plain people with whom he mingled by the shores of Galilee, loved him as they loved no other. If to-day some visitor from a distant clime, unacquainted with our history, were to inquire among the plain people if the action of the convention of 1860 was vindicated by subsequent events, he would be told that in the temple of fame, in the company of the immortals, he would find, in letters written large, the name of

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By John Goadby Gregory.

Look not for Lincoln's name in scrolls
  Where heralds group the great;
His sires were undistinguished souls
  Who won few smiles from Fate.
Where blooms our West, a garden-plot,
  Their wilderness lay wide,
To drudge and suffer was their lot;
  They struggled, bred and died.

Rude labor claimed his days. At night
  He conquered line by line
Of borrowed books, his lamp the light
  From blazing knots of pine.
Not college-cramped, on Nature's plan
  His character grew whole—
A rugged, honest, earnest man,
  With thews and brain and soul.

Called, amid ball and bayonet,
  The nation's chief to be,
He saved the Union, and set
  A captive people free.
Through four fierce years, with peril fraught,
  His country's life he blessed.
Then came the madman's shot that brought
  His toil-worn spirit rest.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

By George Record Peck.

George Washington was born more than a century and a half ago in an obscure country parish. He lived something less than three score years and ten, and then his dust was given to the dust of his native Virginia. That would, indeed, be a short story—if it were all. But think what our annals would be if they did not contain the name of George Washington! It is, I think, entirely certain—so curiously do events hinge one upon another—that without him there would have been no United States. What that means, you may ponder. We cannot fathom the methods of Providence, but, seeing the things that are, we may reason and guess on what might have been. The marvelous career which has made us unique among nations would, without him, have been unaccomplished, unthought and unsung. It is a comely, a wise and a fitting thing to think of him today—and every day.

But I have sometimes doubted whether the present generation is very sensible of the influence and example of Washington. I may be wrong—indeed, I hope so—but I have feared that they are not now what they were when the bloom was on the story of his life. Great men recede faster than the years, and soon cease to be perceptible forces. I say *perceptible,* for we do not see all. It is a consolation to believe that, seen or unseen, other

lives enter ours, and are felt in those promptings and impulses which guide the currents of human effort. No age ever comprehends how truly it is the product of other ages. No mind ever measures its obligation to other minds. No brooding thinker is ever conscious how all philosophies have made him their heir, and have mingled insensibly in his loneliest meditations. We grasp, not heeding its worth, the prize which would be precious beyond all our imaginings if custom had not staled it by making it common and familiar. Who thinks, when he uses the telephone, how Edison and Bell toiled sleeplessly to make nerve and wire the ministers of intelligence? We hardly know who it was that wooed nature to reveal the secret of anesthetics, and tell how pain may be banished and suffering turned to joy. It is the way of the world. We take what is given, and pass on. It is thus we breathe the air of freedom. It is thus we enjoy the liberties which have descended from the fathers. It is thus we claim, as immemorial rights, those great immunities for which in other days men gave their blood to the uttermost. Let us not make the mistake which learning sometimes makes, of forgetting how little we have won for ourselves, and how much has come to us, borne on the noiseless stream of years. Long before we were born, there were anxious thoughts; hopes that never could be told, and consecrations to things that are not for a day. We must not worship the past. Men had then, as now, the selfish instinct for individual advantage. It is the inveterate habit of mankind. History, you may be well

assured, has been very human from the first; and yet, out of the past, in a path fringed all too seldom with primroses, we have come to this hour. Let us be wise, and take counsel of the worthies that once were, while we study the things that now are. Life, death and time are mysteries; yet here we find ourselves struggling, as all the world has struggled, with problems which vex with relentless questionings. The best we can do—possibly all we can do—is to gather up the memories of good men's lives, of brave, heroic deeds, and of achievements that have made the world happier, or freer, or better.

In every list of such names, George Washington appears almost first. There he will remain forever. But let us inquire what he was, and what he will be, in the years that are to come. He was not of this day nor of this century, and we see him only in perspective. Abraham Lincoln is ours by the sure title of personal love. We have had him for a friend in sad and happy days. He is kin to us by ties such as no other man ever established with his countrymen. All the world knows him now, as one sang who loved him well:

"For the sweetest, wisest soul of all my days."

But Washington is far away, and our affection for him is formal and regular. When we think of him, there comes a vision of a being, cold, reserved, stately and austere, the very embodiment of awe and majesty. There he is, on high Olympus, up where the ice gathers at nightfall, and where the birds never dare to sing. But, nevertheless, men are men. Washington and Lincoln, who

seem so different and who really were so different, had many points of resemblance. Both were frontiersmen; both fought in Indian wars; both marched forward from small things to great, in brave reliance upon the sanctions of duty, and each, in the appointed way and at the appointed time, led his country through darkness to light. History will never name them as rivals, but will give to both the laurel which is reserved for the immortals.

Let me tell you what Washington really was, as I find him in books and in tradition.

First of all, he was a great man. It has been somewhat the fashion in recent years to disparage his ability and to represent him as a very respectable Virginia gentleman, of high character and unblemished reputation, but of rather slender mental endowment. I trust it is no disgrace to be respectable, and I am glad he was a man of high character and of stainless honor. The world is not in danger of having too many such. But notwithstanding his respectability and his unblemished life, George Washington, measured by every test, was a great, a very great man. The literature of the world is so full of babbling about such things that I must tell you what I mean when I call Washington great. Genius is a much used word, and all forms of intellectual eccentricity and aberration are counted among its proofs. But I hope you have not fallen into so poor and vulgar an error. I pray you remember—for some day it will be useful for you to know it—that the first attribute of genius is absolute sanity. It manifests itself, as Charles Lamb has so truly said, "in

the admirable balance of all the faculties." It is serene, as the Pyramids and the Alps are serene, because it is based, as they are, on a foundation which cannot be moved. George Washington was pre-eminently sane. There was a depth and clearness in his mental faculties which made them less conspicuous than those of men a thousand times his inferior. After all, it is not the flutter of sparrows in a thicket, but the steadfast wings of birds of flight that reveal true strength.

The career of Washington naturally divides itself into two sides; the military and the civil—war and peace. But he was the same in both; always lofty, always commanding, always sensible. He was little trained in schools, but has it not occurred to you that some of the world's greatest leaders have lacked the advantage of a collegiate education? The vesture that men wear does not always determine what they may, or can, or will do. No one can believe more absolutely than I, that colleges and universities upbuild and strengthen human character. Education can transform clay into marble, and change the crude aspirations of a farmer's boy into the finished type of a man who really knows. But Washington had no degree. The mountain path, the surveyor's chain that measured from settlement to settlement, the rifle and the hospitable good cheer of the Virginia back-woodsmen, were his education. Whatever aristocratic tastes he had were only such as rest upon that most unstable foundation—family pride. He was descended from the Cavaliers, and from a family of soldiers, but I have never

read that he counted much on that. He was richly endowed with what Tennyson calls "saving common sense." It saved him in many a close encounter; it saved us too. If he did not belong to that small column of consummate commanders which includes Caesar, Napoleon, Cromwell and Grant, he was the equal of Frederick and the superior of Wellington.

What are the essential qualities of military greatness? Skill, patience, faith. These he had, and had them unfailingly. Tradition still points out the elm tree in Cambridge under which he took command of an army of ploughmen and villagers, some of whom only a few months before had blazed up in angry defiance at a British invasion of their neighborhood. The world had heard the shot they fired, and had marveled when they stood on Bunker's Hill and fought through that long June afternoon, like veterans tried and true. But yet, they were only a loosely organized, undisciplined, uninstructed mass when, a fortnight later, Washington came to be their leader. If you doubt his right to be named great, read of the siege of Boston, the seizure of Dorchester Heights, and how the British fleet and army sailed away from the presence of a half-clad, half-armed, half-starved Continental army, and you will doubt no more. For steady watchfulness—the picket duty courage that does not sleep —for quickness to detect the best laid plans of the enemy, for inflexible faith, which, like the Cameron in the Scottish song, "never can yield," George Washington stands almost without an equal. Desperate emergencies came to

him, and he met them quickly and resolutely, but always calmly as becomes a Man. The campaigns in the Jerseys, the long, weary watch on the Hudson, and the last act of the drama, when he shot like a thunderbolt from the highlands above New York to fall upon Cornwallis at Yorktown, are lessons which students of the art of war cannot study too much. The curtain fell upon a scene in which George Washington was the central and heroic figure. Only men of the first order do such things.

Secondly, he was a good man. And is not that better than to be crowned with any wreath that mere intellectual qualities can win? Just, fair, honest, truthful—all men grant him these. They are homely virtues, but they are—as Shakespeare makes the beautiful, wise, Portia say of another human virtue—"mightiest in the mightiest." It is not much to our credit that some people have lowered their estimate of Washington's intellectual character, simply because of his moral altitude. They have thought—and it is a shame to say it—that a man so unblemished, so high in honor, and in honesty, must have been of mediocre ability. Alas! for the day when such conclusions can come, and alas! for those who accept them. It is of little consequence to him; because history always comes right at last. But it is of grave import to us, and I bid you take heed that you do not fall into so miserable a delusion.

Thirdly, he was a brave man. It is true, courage is common, and I sometimes think most common in common men. Generals have it, but so also do corporals. This

would be a poor world if we did not love it. I hope the time will never come when we shall not delight to read the story of the Cid, and of Arthur, and of Richard of the Lion Heart. Washington was, no doubt, a different type of man from these heroes of fable and tradition, for his courage was self-poised and calm, as was his nature in all ways. But it had, in the highest sense, the real quality which is alike in all heroic natures.

When an officer remonstrated with him for exposing himself to the enemy's shot and shell, he only said: "You are at liberty to retire." That answer was not, perhaps, like Napoleon, but it was better—it was like Washington. It was the unique spirit speaking after its fashion, and meaning only this; that however and whatever fate might strike, the duty then visible must be done. But physical courage, the story of which sets our hearts aflame, is not the greatest courage. All the world, at least all the civilized world, recognizes this; for we excuse those who falter in the presence of moral danger, knowing how hard it is to stand upright before it; but nobody forgives a physical coward. Washington, who was the best balanced man in our history, had moral and physical courage in a perfect equipoise. On or off the field of battle, he dared to do what, at any instant, seemed right.

When the war was ended and the miracle of deliverance was accomplished it would have been easy to say, "I must rest." Who could have blamed him? Had he not given seven years to the cause?—harder years than Jacob gave for Rachel. His arm had held the wavering col-

onies together; and his brave heart had led the way to victory and peace. Here, I think, the career of Washington reaches a high, a sublime elevation. Before he had fairly begun to breathe again the air of Mount Vernon the clouds darkened and the critical period came on, of which John Fiske has given us so noble a sketch. The lotus is sweet to those who have toiled. In the quiet afternoons it is pleasant to think of dangers past and to take comfort in the thought that there will be no more strife, but only "dreamful ease." History has told how Washington withstood the temptation, if, indeed, it were a temptation to such a nature.

There were doubters and dreamers then, as there are now, and will forever be. They had their say, but no great problem is ever solved by them. The confederation, which had been weak from the start, was falling to pieces when the stress and pressure of war had passed. Wise men saw that the victory they had won was only a delusive triumph if the colonies could not maintain themselves as a nation among the nations of the earth. There was but one guaranty of independence, and that was unity; a government of the people instead of states; a high commanding authority, supreme, pervasive and direct. But these truths, now so plain, were apprehended then only by sane and sensible men. The brilliant theorists, the orators and the agitators saw only clouds beyond clouds and no ray of hope in all the sky. It is interesting to read how they declaimed and how philosophical statesmen pointed out the certain ruin that would come to the people's liber-

ties if they surrendered the right to be many and consented to become one. It was then that Washington—greater than at Yorktown—gave his name and his character for a perpetual, indissoluble union. There can be no doubt that if he had opposed a constitutional government, or even if he had been lukewarm, it would have failed. Others advocated it with patriotic devotion, but it absolutely required his calm, steadfast support—and received it. Again the sanity of true genius was illustrated. While others were predicting many woes if the bauble of local sovereignty were given up, the clear, calm gaze of Washington saw that only by a strong, commanding government, free, united and puissant, could liberty keep any semblance of life on this continent. The final test of statesmanship must ever be the judgment of future generations; and of constructive statesmanship, which is the molding together of peoples, communities and states into a national sovereignty—this final test is really the only one. Ships had been known to struggle bravely through perilous seas to break in pieces on the welcoming strand. That was the fate which imminently threatened the colonies. From it we were saved, not by Washington alone, but by him and the wise men who stood by his side for law, for order and for a government capable of securing both. This is his crowning glory.

It cannot be truly said that Washington led in the great struggle for the constitution; but only this, that without him no man could have led, successfully. If he were not first, surely no one will ever call him second.

There was Hamilton, his young friend and former aide, the most gifted and versatile statesman this country has known. There was Madison, also a Virginian, and like himself, of a calm, equal temperament, a marvel in the gift of lucid reasoning—afterwards well named "The Father of the Constitution." There was Franklin, printer, statesman, sage, philosopher, who anticipated the discoveries of science, and "wrung from the heart of the lightning the secret of the gods." Many others there were who had the wisdom to firmly stand in the midst of the noise and clamor of the times. But all of them, all to the very last, were powerless without him; and if he had cast the weight of his little finger against them, the scheme of a stable government would have failed utterly. And with that failure would have disappeared the hope of anything like liberty in the western world.

The constitution was not all for which Washington strove. It was not perfect then, and I fear it is not perfect now; but it is worth your love and if need be, all else that you have on this earth. It is, as Gladstone said of it, the greatest piece of constructive statesmanship the world has seen. It is the everlasting proof that true genius is sensible and sane.

Naturally, he became the first President of the New Nation. He had helped, more than any other, to build the ship, why should he not "keep the rudder true" as she put out to sea? It needed such a pilot; and found in his firm hand the touch of one who never failed in storm or calm. He was a good President, at a time when a bad

one, or a foolish one, would have ruined the experiment of constitutional government.

When Bolingbrooke gave us the familiar maxim, "History is philosophy teaching by example," he only quoted from one classic authority who had copied from another. But the truth of it is not less but more plain from its antiquity. Great men serve two purposes. First, they actually *do,* while living, and, secondly, they teach after they are gone. In which respect they accomplish more, is not for me to say. I am coming back—for how can I help it?—to the doubt expressed at the beginning: How much do the example and influence of Washington affect us as American citizens? What would we do if ease and comfort and safety pointed one way and duty another? Dare we challenge authority as he did when he belted on his sword against the British Crown? That is one question; but a greater and far more solemn one is: Dare we stand immovable against those who believe that nothing is true except that which has never been tried? As I understand the example of Washington, it means that not crowns, nor traditions, nor laws, can consecrate what is plainly wrong; but it means still more, that doctrines and theories are not necessarily true because they were born yesterday. It is infinitely easier for some minds to fall in with the new than to defend what is old. But in Washington there was a superb blending of the radical and the conservative. He separated from his friend and neighbor, Lord Fairfax, to cast his lot with the rebellion of the colonies, but after the war, in that sad,

critical period, he bravely turned his back on the colleagues from his own Virginia when he supported and signed the constitution which they opposed. Time has vindicated his good sense, and his calm reliance on an understanding which seldom failed in being right and never failed in being sound and rational.

I wish we might all study the character and the career of Washington. There has been no time in our history when we have more needed to know him for what he really was. We may, indeed, fail in trying to shape our lives on such a model, but it would be a glorious thing to try. He led a revolution, and revolutions are now promised almost every day. Nothing is perfect in this world, and it will be well for us to remember that not all who cry out have been dedicated. Ever more there will be wrongs to be righted, but those who are to right them must be truly called to the work. The professional revolutionist, the agitator who has no real conception of what he is agitating, can never, for any long period, engage the world's attention.

It has always been true, and it always will be true, that men of tranquil mind, "of large discourse looking before and after," are those who really shape and control human destinies. Poetry is wiser than philosophy, or rather I should say, it is philosophy expanded and enlarged. Bacon, in all his works, never uttered a more profound truth than Wordsworth did in a single line of Laodamia:

"The Gods approve the depth, and not the tumult of the soul."

What a lesson to us all. It is a warning to light minds, but it is also a consolation to those who are not easily moved from the basis of substantial things. Let us think of the depths and not be perturbed by the shallows. George Washington in all his great career—soldier, statesman, almost king—moved right on, fearing nothing because he had nothing to fear. What is Washington to us? Nothing, absolutely nothing, unless we *think*. He influences no man who is not strong enough to be himself unto himself. In a deep sense his career signifies union, nationality and the majesty of people governing themselves. If we would truly comprehend it, we must move in a clearer air than we habitually breathe. As John Morley, the great English statesman and scholar, has said: "Our day of small calculations and petty utilities must first pass away; our vision of the true expediencies must reach further and deeper; our resolution to search for the highest verities, to give up all and follow them, must first become the supreme part of ourselves."

When that hour comes, this Nation will see and know, as never before, how beautiful a thing it is to remember the name of George Washington.

MEMORY.

By Gerry W. Hazelton.

Speaking of Sir James Mackintosh, the distinguished barrister and statesman, Robert Hall said, "his memory retains every thing; his mind is a spacious repository hung round with beautiful images; and when he wants one he has nothing to do but reach up his hand to a peg and take it down. But his images were not manufactured in his mind; they were imported." A very significant tribute this, to the importance and value of memory. Sir James, as Coleridge said, was not a genius, but his capacious memory gave him an immense advantage in the field where reputation for intellectual eminence is won. With reasoning powers hardly above many of his contemporaries, he achieved distinction at the bar, on the platform and in the House of Commons. It will not be inferred that memory is a substitute for intellect, but an invaluable auxiliary. I once knew a tailor, English born and English bred, who was so familiar with all the details of English history from the days of William the Norman as to excite amazement. It was a pleasure to hear him converse. His memory was a store-house of historic data but he never got above the tailor's bench. He lacked the capacity to utilize a gift which might otherwise have been of incalculable advantage. When I last knew him he was busy with his needle and contented with his lot.

What is this faculty we call the memory? We consult Webster's unabridged, and learn that it is "the faculty of the mind by which it retains knowledge of past events." This doubtless accords with the popular understanding but is it an adequate definition? Is it simply the repository of such knowledge? Sir William Hamilton's definition is more accurate. He calls it "the conservative faculty of the mind denoting its power of retaining its hold of the knowledge it has acquired." It is unquestionably a conservative faculty, but neither of these definitions answers the more interesting inquiry, does this faculty represent the constitutional capacity of the mind for expansion? Does it explain the law of mental growth? Is it a mere store-house in which knowledge is carried for convenience while we are journeying, as the traveler carries luggage, in a separate car? I can think of memory only as the common servant of the mind contributing of its stores to the development of all our intellectual powers and its possessions as a constituent of our individuality—as part and parcel of our selves. In my view it represents the law of intellectual and moral expansion and finds expression in the difference between the child in the nursery and the person of mature years.

If it were possible for us to imagine ourselves for the the moment absolutely bereft of memory we should discover that the brightest intellect would be as helpless as the dullest. We would not know we had ever seen each other before. All the knowledge accumulated in the daily round of experience as well as that acquired by years of

study and reflection would have disappeared. Not only would the past be a blank, but our minds would be a blank. We could have no communication because we should retain no knowledge of language. Hence it would seem that every fiber of our intellectual power draws support from the resources and contributions of memory.

Ours is an age of study and investigation. It is therefore an age in which memory is being stored from wider and more varied fields than ever before and while this circumstance may broaden our knowledge, it is too early to speculate on ultimate results.

Without underrating in any respect the value of the schools we are able to recall a host of names from the Hebrew statesmen down to our own times who have won a place in the ranks of the immortals without the advantages of liberal education. They developed ability for leadership in some of the most important exigencies of history in ways we cannot comprehend.

The shepherd king of Judea has always seemed to me to be one of the most remarkable characters of his age or any age. His early years spent in tending his father's flocks on the hillsides of his native land, without the aid of schools, without books to read, without the advantage of cultured associates, he stands out in bold and distinct outline as a great historic figure. That he was a sagacious statesman, a wise ruler, an illustrious king, no one questions; that he was capable of inspiring the most loyal and devoted friendships is equally clear; but it is only just to say that his eminence as a civilian was over-

shadowed and dimmed by his greater eminence as a writer. His exalted place in the world's esteem rests almost solely on his achievement as an author. The highest reach of devotional expression is found in the Psalms he formulated. No writer of modern times with all the advantages of exhaustive culture has been able to approach his standard. His name is a household word in every enlightened community the world over, and no library is complete which does not contain his writings. They are as fresh and inspiring today as they were three thousand years ago. He stands easily at the head of all writers of devotional literature. Are we able to explain him on any of the theories with which we are familiar?

Who shall venture to tell us when or how Washington acquired those masterful qualities which inspired absolute confidence and won for him the proud title of father of his country? He was surrounded by a brilliant galaxy of great and learned men, all of whom accepted him as their leader, and history has assigned him a corresponding niche in the halls of fame.

We speak of Lincoln's early trials and hardships and his association with the plain people, of his success at the bar and on the platform, and fancy we have solved the mystery of his character and power, but can we indulge the assurance that we have made no mistake? Here is one of the most remarkable characters in history; so distinct, so unique that we can find no other to compare him with. Not one indeed on whom every god did seem

to set his seal but singularly devoid of the gifts and graces which attract attention and excite interest. He was the rarest composite of strength and tenderness to be found among men. He conquered prejudice by his wisdom, his sweetness and his forbearance. Associated with men of the broadest experience and the amplest culture in the conduct of the government, his superior foresight and wisdom became so manifest that at the close of the war no one questioned that his was the guiding spirit of the crisis. Without the advantage of liberal culture he formulated papers and paragraphs and sentences which are ranked with the choicest examples of classic literature. He put the masters of sophistry to flight by the aptness of his illustrations and the cogency of his conclusions. He so tempered his judgments with charity as to disarm just criticism. He resisted the appeals of impetuous friends and the suggestions of weak and timid allies with the same patient firmness. The bitter and malevolent assaults of enemies never disturbed the serenity of his temper, or prompted an unkind or impatient retort. He exemplified all the elements of masterful leadership, without one trace of personal or selfish ambition. He won a place in the hearts of the people which the passing years have only intensified, and left an impress on his age which must remain an inspiration and an object-lesson for all coming time.

There may be those who fancy they can explain him; if so, the task is in their hands. To me he is an unsolved

mystery; and I do not hesitate to say that I prefer to believe that the same marvelous agency which

> "Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
> Glows in the stars and blossoms in the trees,"

raises up and equips men for the great emergencies which mark the progress of human events by processes we cannot define or comprehend.

That we may trace in his career the influences which aided in developing his individuality is not doubted, but the elements of greatness which single him out from all others and assign him a distinct and preeminent place in history remain unexplained. It is not difficult for those who have studied history to understand the meaning of Lowell's lines,

> "Behind the dim unknown
> Standeth God within the shadow
> Keeping watch above his own."

Before passing I pause for a moment to deprecate the spirit which would prompt one for gain to deliberately engage in the task of impairing the fair fame of great men. It dishonors authorship. We sometimes criticise the biographer who indulges only in extravagant and indiscriminate praise, but we will all agree that he occupies a plane immeasurably above the writer who would weaken our admiration for a great historic character whose life has been devoted to the honor and welfare of his country. The good name of such men is the nation's richest heritage. The older nations of the earth crowd their marts with the statues of their great men as a stimulus to rising

generations. Their example is an inspiration. What apology can be made for the author who lends himself to the task of dethroning our ideals and having us infer that the real Washington, the real Jefferson, the real Hamilton, the real Lincoln are less worthy of homage and gratitude than we have been taught to believe. Why not leave us to enjoy and profit by the contemplation of lofty ideals? Why impair and weaken the uplifting influence of great and grand achievement? Hero-worship, God-worship spring from the same fountain and the world cannot have too much of it.

It is interesting to note that there are peculiarities of memory which excite our wonder but hardly allow of classification. Many cases in point are cited by learned writers. Some persons are able to remember and repeat pages of prose from a single reading; some affect poetry and recite poems with equal facility; some remember faces with astonishing accuracy. It was said that Napoleon knew the faces of all his soldiers, and the same ability has been attributed to other great military captains. It used to be said of Henry Clay that he never forgot a face he had once seen, and the same remarkable gift was claimed for Mr. Blaine. But these are all exaggerations having just sufficient basis to explain the sweeping allegations. Mr. Weed records an incident in the visit of LaFayette to this country in 1824 which may properly be cited in this connection. The General and a party of friends were sailing up the Hudson in a slow-moving steamer and when they reached the village of Esopus the

captain noticed a skiff approaching, in the stern of which sat an elderly gentleman holding up his handkerchief attached to his cane. The steamer stopped and the gentleman was helped aboard. Intimating to the captain that he wanted to see if the General remembered him he was conducted into the state-room and the General's memory was put to the test. After a careful inspection the General's face brightened and extending his hand he exclaimed, "My old friend, Colonel Harry Livingston!" The greeting was followed by a pleasurable interview reminiscent of the war in which both had taken part. Considering the fact that forty years had elapsed since the parties met, this may be called a notable achievement of memory.

It is within our every-day observations that some persons learn melodies with astonishing ease while others of equal or greater intelligence can hardly learn them at all. The morning after Foster sang the "Old Folks at Home" in the Opera House in Cincinnati it is said the boys were whistling the tune on the streets of the city with irrepressible enthusiasm. It touched a responsive chord which has not ceased to vibrate and probably never will. Years after this event travelers in Africa heard it whistled by their Arab guides who had evidently learned it from American travelers. When Hawthorne visited the English camp at Aldershot some fifty years ago, the officer in command apologized for the inability of the band to play "Hail Columbia." It entertained the distinguished visitor instead with several negro melodies. In referring

to the incident Hawthorne took occasion to confess that he lacked the ability to distinguish one tune from another and that he should not have recognized the national air had it been played. Those who are able to appreciate music and to comprehend something of its power over our emotions and sensibilities may be thankful to have escaped Hawthorne's infirmity.

When the mortal remains of Lincoln reposed in state in the city hall in New York in April, 1865, and tens of thousands were silently passing the imposing catafalque for a last look at the martyr's face, the climax of emotion came when at the midnight hour the German societies of the city appeared on the scene to offer their grateful tribute of song. As the rich melody of the funeral hymn swelling out from this great choir of human voices fell upon the ears of a hundred thousand eager listeners, the effect was overpowering, and strong men cried like children. It was a notable illustration of the potency of music under suitable conditions to move the hearts of men. It was moreover an indication that while many lack the ability to remember tunes so as to reproduce them, there are few who are wholly indifferent to their melody.

There is one phase of this subject which has interested me and on which little light has been shed so far as my investigations have gone. If all the faculties of the mind are nourished and strengthened from the store-house of memory, is there any known law or rule for assimilating or appropriating the accretion?

Here are ten young men who have just entered col-

lege. They are of about the same age and of about the same average ability, all seeking a liberal education. Their course of study is the same and they are ruled by a common ambition to make the most of their opportunities. They are all under the same professors and subject to the same general conditions and environment. On the day of their graduation they are as distinct and unlike in all the essentials of mentality as if they had pursued their studies at different institutions. Associated in all the intimacies of student life, together in the classrooms, together in their diversions, they have grown to be warm friends, but in individuality they are farther apart then when they gathered under the same college roof. They differ in tastes, in traits, in ambitions, in predilections, in adaptability for distinct pursuits, and probably in force of character.

Is there any law of mind which explains the divergent results of the same seeds of knowledge sifted by the same processes into these student-minds? They have gleaned from the same fields, drunk at the same fountains of knowledge and grown into men of different types and different characteristics.

Are we not constrained to think that some higher law operating on temperament, on organic peculiarities, or perhaps on nursery-culture, has supervened to produce these various types of development in the interest of a combination richer in versatility and in aggregate value and capacity? While no two faces are alike is it not

equally true that mental equipment is never the same in two individuals?

Ample illustration of this fact may be found within the range of our own personal knowledge and observation, and in the pages of literature. The most conspicuous example of a thoroughly trained memory which comes to mind is found in the writings of Macaulay. His essays have been aptly defined as "illuminated indices to universal history." Almost every paragraph displays the wealth of learning. Nothing he ever read seems to have escaped him. But it cannot be said that his memory was developed at the expense of other faculties. He presents a remarkable combination of intellectual grasp and power coupled with a retentive memory. He was in fact an intellectual prodigy. He was capable of dealing with subjects of the largest magnitude, problems of statecraft, problems which involved the broadest and keenest powers of analysis, problems which involved the capacity to group and classify historic events and indicate their related significance, and to discuss the trend of institutions and social and economic forces, and at the same time he disclosed such a refined concept of literary style and finish as to delight and captivate the most critical readers. Sir William Hamilton cites a formidable list of distinguished names to disprove the claim that a capacious memory is never coupled with mental strength. The name of Macaulay might be added to the list.

General Grant's "Memoirs" may be cited as illustrating the other extreme. The general had the advantage

of a good military education without any marked taste for literature, and without what are styled scholarly attainments, but his "Memoirs" rank with the best examples of narrative composition to be found in the English language. They display no wealth of learning, but in clearness, in simplicity, in easy naturalness of expression they are above criticism. Precise and accurate in matters of detail they are never tedious and never fail to interest and entertain the reader. As conversationalists the two men differed as widely as in their writings. Grant was a man of few words, a good listener, but his judgment was clear, and his views on subjects he had considered were always worth listening to and remembering. I recall a conversation on modern journalism in the presence of Senator Howe and a Wisconsin journalist which well illustrated this observation. So distinct and clear-cut were his views that I still remember the substance of the conversation. Macaulay, on the other hand, was as masterful with tongue as with pen, but his conversation, like his writing, was overloaded with learning. To hear him talk was like listening to an article from a cyclopedia. It was in fact a dissertation on some theme which happened at the time to engage his attention and he was the central figure of the group. His methods were fatal to general conversation. Stately preachments have their place but it is not at a dinner table or a social gathering. The charm of such occasions is the "free for all" feature. Conversation does not tolerate monopoly. In a mixed company there will be some who are disposed to listen,

and others who are disposed to talk, and equality of opportunity is the only basis of real and enjoyable conversation. Had the noble Lord himself been more commonplace, he would have realized that the average social gathering enjoys the running-fire of light and brilliant trivialities spiced perhaps with a dash of gossip, vastly more than ponderous and learned dissertation.

The great Sir Walter had a better understanding of the subject. On one of the later pages of his journal he speaks of the visit of a gifted lady who always brought a flood of sunshine into his home and hence a most welcome visitor. "She was simple, full of humor and ready at repartee, and all this," he says, "without the least affectation of the blue-stocking," a type of person welcome in every home and every social circle.

Howells speaks in his "Recollections" of his first visit to Boston when he was a young man. Through the kindness of Mr. Field he was invited to an informal lunch at Parker's. The company included Lowell, Holmes, Longfellow, Field and himself, a rare and brilliant group. To the young visitor it was a red-letter day and lingered in his memory as the feature of his visit to New England. But it is sad to think that these radiant intellects have passed "beyond our ken" and that not even Boston could duplicate that entertainment now.

The capacity for conversation is a boon. Its value cannot be measured. In so far as it is employed in the ordinary round of daily life we think of it only as a convenience. But conversation as a factor in our social

relations means more. It is the feature of every social gathering. It is one of our chief sources of enjoyment. What we know as the social talent is something to be coveted. No gift affords greater pleasure to others. It is impossible to define it because it manifests itself in such a variety of ways. It is easier to say what it is not than what it is. Has it any relation to the memory? One would be inclined to think that a well-stored mind would be a most important and valuable aid, notwithstanding there are many people who seem to get on very well in mixed society without it. It really is a peculiar gift. We meet people every day distinguished for learning and ability who have as little conception of the social talent as Hawthorne had of music. Indeed it is said that with all his eminence as a writer, Hawthorne himself did not shine in the social circle. Conversation as commonly understood is simply an exchange of ideas on topics of transient or permanent interest, but it varies in quality from the chatter of a May-Day party to the kind Howells heard at Parker's. Fortunate he and thrice welcome who is able to contribute to the pleasure and sparkle of a social hour and who is a good listener as well.

I dare say we are all able to recall occasions in our experience where we have thought of the observation of Sydney Smith and sighed for a brilliant flash of silence. And I presume if we were driven into a corner and compelled to acknowledge the truth we would be constrained to admit that we have listened to after dinner speeches with the same ardent longing. Then there are

wonderful conversations which are never heard and never reported.

Only recently I was reading a foot-note in Scott's Journal which suggested immanence of memory in abnormal conditions of the brain. Among the great mass of devoted friends with whom he had spent many happy hours was James Skene of Rubis-law, who outlived him more than a quarter of a century, retaining his faculties unimpaired through a serene and attractive old age. Not long before his departure his daughter found him one evening sitting before the cheerful grate with a radiant smile on his venerable face that seemed almost supernatural. Turning to his daughter, he said, "I have had such a great pleasure! Scott has been here; he came a long distance to see me. He has been sitting with me here at the fire-side talking over our happy recollections of the past." The aged man had evidently fallen asleep in his easy chair and memory, always alert, had delicately invaded the sanctuary of his dreams and introduced a dear old friend and the delightful interview which seemed so real had illuminated all his features. A little later he followed his old friend to the unseen country beyond the purple hills.

But someone asks, what are you going to do with the genial friend who always has a good story to tell and knows how to tell it? I answer without the slightest hesitation, invite him in. On the walls of memory he has a choice assortment of the best things afloat. We all know what he means when he says exultantly, "that

reminds me." The accomplished story teller is a benefactor. He has a mission. It is to make us laugh. He may not shine in a strictly intellectual encounter, and he may. But whether so or not, we hail his advent as a sweet relief from mental care. If an expert at the business we are glad to make room for him and give him our undivided and enthusiastic attention. I have always pitied Secretary Chase because he had not sufficient conception of humor to relish Lincoln's stories. I pity the person who never tells a story and cannot enjoy one,—he misses so much. I knew a senator years ago who was a past master in this field. He might have been a brilliant comedian had he not preferred to be called a statesman. Those who knew him best would cheerfully surrender their tickets to the opera for a dinner party which included him as a guest. No scheme for social enjoyment should overlook our genial and smiling friend.

In the light of what I have been saying on the subject of memory, Montaigne is an enigma. Among the most distinguished writers of the 16th century whose writings bear every indication of diligent and laborious study and a marvelous memory, he laments the exceptional weakness of this faculty and affirms that his opportunities for education were sadly deficient. "I never settled myself," he says, "to the reading of any book of solid learning but Plutarch and Seneca, and there like the Danaides I eternally fill and it as constantly runs out; something of which drops upon this paper, but very little or nothing remains behind with me." If one looks over the essays of this

writer and notes how largely they are made up of incidents and illustrations drawn from every available field of literature then known, he cannot fail to be astonished at the writer's alleged infirmities and limitations. The author who is able to quote profusely from Greek and Latin poets and who was as familiar with the English language as with his mother tongue, cannot be classed with the uncultured. He says, "I write indifferently of whatever comes into my head and make use of nothing but my own proper and natural means." He may have thought so, but his pages lead to a different conclusion and constrain us to credit him with ample learning.

The constitutional prevaricator is not the only person who needs a good memory. The man of facts is the man of power. Many a brilliant advocate has been discomfited by a plodding adversary armed with facts. Horace Greeley stood at the head of newspaper controversialists of his day because every fact and figure he needed was stored away in his memory. It is sad to think that the greatest journalist America has produced should not have been content to stand in history for what he was, rather than sacrifice himself to a misguided ambition.

Nowhere does one stand in greater need of a well-stored memory than in the discussion of political and economic questions. Many of our public men are in the habit of keeping note books of current events. Such data may be valuable and labor-saving and if properly classified may be consulted to advantage; but it is manifestly better if one can, like Mackintosh, find what he wants

on a peg along the walls of memory and be able to reach up and take it down. In a body like the American Congress this suggestion finds frequent illustration. A few years since in considering the Miscellaneous Appropriation Bill, which embraced an appropriation for new carpets and furniture for one of the departments, the discussion took a wide range and became somewhat heated. Finally at the end of a declamatory speech on the extravagance of the administration a member demanded with a show of great sincerity to be informed as to what had become of the carpets and furniture supplied to the same department only a few years before? Cannon, who was then chairman of the committee in charge of the bill, sprang to his feet and with notable vehemence called attention to the fact that in Dolly Madison's time the family washing was hung up to dry in the big east room of the White House, and then stretching himself upon his tiptoes with arms extended and fists clenched, he shouted, "Now I want to know what in heaven's name has become of those old clothes lines!" With shouts of laughter, in which both sides joined, the next item in the bill was taken up for consideration. Had the chairman been obliged to explore his scrap-book he might have lost his opportunity.

I recall another illustration of more serious import. In the spring of 1872 it was my privilege to hear the interesting debate in the Senate which involved the concerted attempt of Senators Sumner, Schurz and Trumbull to break down President Grant, and prevent his nom-

ination for a second term. It was an ill-advised undertaking and proved much more formidable than the senators anticipated. Grant had done nothing to forfeit the confidence of the people and they could discover no just ground for the assault. It was said that in the attempt to acquire by negotiation a part of the island of San Domingo he had failed to treat Senator Sumner with the consideration to which the senator thought himself entitled. Whether this was the secret of the estrangement is not important. The sequel disclosed intense personal bitterness on the part of the senator which greatly weakened the character of the assault.

It was arranged that Sumner should open the discussion and the others follow at such intervals as the exigencies of the situation should seem to require. His speech was carefully prepared and read from manuscript. The San Domingo incident was the main citadel of assault and the attempt was made to treat it as a dangerous stretch of executive power, due to unwarranted ambition and failure to comprehend the constitution and the genius and principles of the government. Insignificant circumstances were elaborately denounced in the most intemperate language, and one might well suppose in listening to the speech that the senator really thought the fate of the republic was involved in the issue. The other speeches followed in due time, according to the programme, but they contained very little that was not in the argument of Sumner.

Senator Morton was one of Grant's stanchest friends.

He was a man of great courage and tremendous force of character and no man in public life was better posted in current political history. He was master of every detail. Without the special gifts and graces of the orator he was a ready and powerful debater, a sagacious party leader and in ready ability to engage in such a discussion he had no rival in the Senate. The secret of his power was in his strong common sense, and his amazing familiarity with matters of detail. His sentences were short, his reasoning clear and cogent, and his speeches never marred by ill-temper. He exhibited great skill in detecting the vulnerable points in his adversary's argument and his knowledge of the facts and circumstances involved was of great assistance in exposing its weakness. If he could succeed in demolishing the main features of these assaults in a speech of thirty minutes his object was accomplished, it being deemed important that the press reports of each of the several arguments should carry to the public both sides of the controversy. The result justified the scheme. Other senators rallied to the support of the president after time had been taken for preparation, but it was unnecessary. The object had been accomplished. The attempt to destroy the reputation and standing of the president had failed ignominiously, and the instant result may be credited in a large measure to the fact that Senator Morton was equipped to meet the emergency. You will readily perceive the pertinence of this bit of history in relation to my theme. The senator realized the importance of putting the jury in possession

of the whole case before they deliberated on their verdict. He was wise. Perhaps I ought not to overlook the fact that the physical condition of Senator Morton added a feature to the clash of intellect which bordered on the pathetic. He had at that time lost the use of his lower limbs so completely that he was obliged to speak from his chair, a circumstance which naturally excited sympathy. He used no notes and few gestures, but his arguments were so persuasive and so vigorously urged that all who sympathized with his views listened with the keenest interest, and with no attempt to conceal their satisfaction. It was a memorable debate and I am glad to have witnessed it. The incident, it may be said, had not the slightest effect on the standing of the president, and after his triumphant re-election was seldom alluded to,—an indication that a well-earned reputation may be confidently left in the keeping of the republic.

An English writer has said that man is ruled by imagination. Possibly this may be so in some instances, but the average man, I venture to affirm, is much more likely to be ruled by sentiment, and memory is the nursery of sentiment. The home sentiment, which is one of the potent forces of social order and one of the great conservative agencies of healthy government, has its spring in the treasure house of memory, and the same may be said of patriotism, which is only an expression of national sentiment, and it is hardly necessary to affirm that all the delights of friendship and affection so essential to human happiness are supplied at the same beneficent fountain.

Here may be found the impulse and inspiration for such appealing emanations as "Home, Sweet Home," "The Old Oaken Bucket," "The Old Arm Chair," "The Old Folks at Home" and "The Old Band." The first of these has been translated into every known language and sung the earth around as if to demonstrate that in the last analysis the human heart is one. Probably no feature of Thompson's popular play, "The Old Homestead," was more highly appreciated than "The Old Oaken Bucket" sung by the quartette as it comes in from the harvest field and gathers at the well curb, where the old bucket is suspended.

There is a joy we can hardly define in listening to these old songs which stir the strongest sentiments of the heart and bring back the memories of long ago,—memories rich and mellow as old wine, and sometimes tender as a sigh. There is an incident connected with the author of "Home, Sweet Home" which I may be pardoned for recalling as it illustrates the thought I have in mind. Some years ago it occurred to the authorities of our national government that it was a violation of all the proprieties to allow the ashes of Howard Payne to rest under a foreign flag; and a war vessel was dispatched to Algiers to bring them back to his native land. On the headstone which marked his resting place the commissioners discovered an inscription worthy of remembrance furnished by some one whose name remains unknown:

"Sure when thy gentle spirit fled
To realms beyond the azure dome,
With arms outstretched the angels said
Welcome to heaven—home, sweet home."

A touch of sentiment it is pleasant to note.

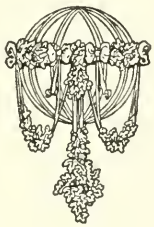
And while we speak of sentiment and delight in its ministrations and cannot be unmindful of the pleasure we are constantly deriving from its presence in our daily experience, are we not aware of conditions in our social economy which constrain us to sigh for a return to and a revival of sturdy, old-fashioned home sentiment? If I mistake not this is one of the urgent demands of the times. Love is the highest expression of sentiment and home is its temple. Burns had his faults, but he had a clear and distinct conception of the ideal Scotch home and he made the world his debtor when he wrote the "Cotters' Saturday Night." Something is wrong when the bulwarks of social order are so readily broken down and normal home life sacrificed on the altar of social dissipation and unrest; when titles are prized above manhood, and character and conduct are eliminated from the problem of matchmaking by giddy mothers, in the presence of patrimony. Is it strange that the lurid atmosphere of our divorce courts should bear to the public the flotsam and jetsam of broken homes and blasted lives? Must we conclude that these ominous manifestations are the evidence of a new order of things which has come to stay, or may we indulge the hope that it results from temporary conditions, and that in good time the sanctities of a genuine home life will be restored and love and duty again enthroned.

But the elaboration of this inquiry is aside from my present purpose. I wish rather to emphasize and exalt

memory as the superb and crowning capacity of mind, not, however, in the sense of extolling it as a distinct and isolated faculty, but as the indispensible auxiliary of all our mental powers and the unwearied agent of intellectual growth. Not only does it contribute to our highest happiness and serve our needs in every relation of life, but it is at once the means and the measure of intellectual expansion. There can be no attainment without it. It is not the power behind the throne of mental achievement, it is the secret of such achievement. Nor this alone. As the nursery of sentiment it is potential in the formation and development of character, which can hardly be regarded as the least important of its ministrations. The fact is the service of memory cannot be measured or limited. It is our best companion, our most constant and faithful friend. All its resources are subject to our call. When we reason, when we reflect, memory is our "staff and stay." When we revert to the past it is memory which points out the pathway and leads our willing feet and paints all the priceless pictures over which we love to linger. It is the golden key which opens the storehouse of knowledge. It is the wireless agent, older than telephone and telegraph, which brings us messages of the richest thought of all the ages. It is in the brief of the lawyer and in the opinion of the judge. It is in the cultured sentences of the orator, and the finished lines of the poet. It pervades every shred of the flag we honor. It contributes of its stores to every page of literature, to every note of music, and to every worthy achievement

in the realm of art. It is present in every missive of love and friendship which speeds over land and sea. It is in every tear which hallows the cheek of affection and in every strand which binds the heart to home.

If I have succeeded in any measure in placing this crowning gift of mind in the temple of honor where it may receive just recognition, I have accomplished my purpose.



THE DREAM OF "NEW FRANCE."

By Frederick C. Winkler.

When your president, some months ago, apprised me that I would be expected to present an address (either original or borrowed) at the June meeting of the Phantom Club, I was reduced to very much of a quandary as to the choice of a subject. I sat with a parade of possible themes before my mind's eye like a fisherman with his angle out, but I had no bite. Finally it occurred to me that Shakespeare (or Bacon, as I believe you call him in this Club), in speaking in the name of the King of Phantoms, said:

> "We are such stuff
> As dreams are made on."

This gave me an idea—a dream. What better in my poverty can I choose for my subject? A dream of empire!

Look at the array of nations which, in the heyday of prosperity, have indulged the vision of perpetual sway. I beg to quote from Mr. Charles Phillips of about a hundred years ago:

"I appeal to History! Tell me, thou reverend chronicler of the grave, can all the achievements of successful heroism, can all the illusions of ambition realized or all the establishments of this world's wisdom secure to empire the permanency of its possessions? Alas, Troy thought

so once, yet the land of Priam only lives in song! Thebes thought so once, yet her hundred gates have crumbled, and her very tombs are but as the dust they were vainly intended to commemorate! So thought Palmyra—where is she? So thought Persepolis, and now—

> 'Yon waste, where roaming lions howl,
> 'Yon aisle, where moans the grey-eyed owl,
> 'Shows the proud Persian's great abode,
> 'Where sceptered once, an earthly God.'

So thought the country of Demosthenes and the Spartans, yet Leonidas is trampled by the timid slave, and Athens insulted by the servile, mindless, and enervate Ottoman!"

These were ancient dreams. I beg to call attention to a dream of modern times, a dream which reflected its gorgeous colors over the broad expanse of the American horizon, sustaining their luster for a period of one hundred and fifty years.

When Columbus discovered the New World in the latter part of the fifteenth century the Pope of Rome gave it all to Spain. But he did not warrant the title. The spirit of nautical enterprise was aroused. Discovery followed discovery, bringing knowledge of the vastness of the New Hemisphere and conviction that it could not be monopolized by a single power. It fell to France to discover the greatest of all rivers.

In 1534 James Cartier, sailing under commission from the Admiral of France, discovered the St. Lawrence. He sailed up its current to Stadeconna, the Indian name of Quebec. He came again in 1540 and erecting a cross with

proper inscriptions, took formal possession for Francis I, King of France. But more than half a century elapsed before colonization began. This came with Samuel de Champlain, who has been called the "Father of Canada." This gallant soldier, experienced navigator and devoted servant of his Church and of his King, exploring the river in 1603 conceived that here on the banks of the St. Lawrence and not in Arcadia must be the seat of the French-American empire. He returned to France with this enthusiastic conviction, and in 1608, as we are told, "had the great happiness to plant under the rocks of Quebec the first permanent French settlement in Canada." True, it was a mere speck of a hamlet, but the law of the discoverer did not require him to fence his possessions. The waterways provided by nature were the great highways of travel. The people who possessed them held the key to the lands which they drained, hence the early discoverer took unto himself a law that he who discovered and possessed himself of the bank of an important river held not only the whole length of the stream, but all of its tributaries and all the lands which they watered. It was not an acknowledged rule, but every adventurous explorer asserted it, although he might vigorously deny it to others. He could set no boundary to his claim!

> "No pent up Utica contracts our powers,
> "But the whole boundless continent is ours."

He believed in that shibboleth. In this spirit the "Father of Canada" planted his hut on the banks of the St. Lawrence. It was a point of settlement of great im-

portance. It gave to the French easy entrance to the interior of the continent. Champlain with his little colony, some soldiers, the nucleus of an ecclesiastical brotherhood, some artisans, a little body of adventurous traders, and it is said one farmer, effected his occupation. He pursued his scheme with wonderful activity and signal skill. He made friends with the Algonquins and the Hurons, his nearest Indian tribes, and repressed the Iroquois, his neighbors to the south who were always hostile. He established trading posts, one at the mouth of the Ottawa whence he and his followers, by way of that river, extended their explorations to the regions of Lake Huron and Lake Michigan. He found the beautiful lake in the present State of New York which bears his name. He struggled manfully against the most discouraging trials. But the growth of the colony was slow. Its source of subsistence was the fur trade, the products of which were sent to France and the means of maintenance received in return. So it happened that the dream of empire came very near suffering an ignominious eclipse before it had risen to the rank of an aspiration.

After a hard, trying winter in which provisions ran short and the little town was reduced to famine, anxious eyes turning wistfully down the river, after a long, painful waiting, espied vessels hovering in the distance. But, alas, it was not the expected aid, but an enemy making his way up the St. Lawrence. The little settlement did not know that war had broken out between England and France and that the King of England had issued letters

of marque to British shippers authorizing them to make war on French shipping and possessions! A small fleet of armed vessels flying the English flag, commanded by David Kirke, had taken position at Tadoussac, seized everything French it could get hold of and completely controlled the roadway of the river. Soon the demand for surrender came to Quebec. Champlain had no ammunition; it was hopeless to fight, but he marshalled his little army—sixteen men—assigned each to his post and defiantly refused to yield. His condition, however, grew more desperate day by day, and when two weeks later armed hostile ships made their appearance, resistance was impossible, and on the 19th day of July, 1629, the little beginnings of New France passed from the possession of the Frenchman into the hands of the British. Champlain sailed to Europe with his captor, who there learned to his chagrin that the war between the great powers, which had been so propitious to him, had in fact come to an end in the previous April, and that all of his captures made in July were illegal and had to be restored!

There was some delay, but in 1632 the Kirkes were compelled to return their Canadian possessions to the power of France.

Cardinal Richelieu had now become the administrative power of that kingdom. He re-organized affairs in Canada. Champlain, re-commissioned to the command, returned to Quebec, receiving the enthusiastic acclaim of its inhabitants. But his days were brief. He died on

Christmas Day, 1635. "His last cares," the historian tells us, "were for his colony and its suffering families, and the feeble command built a tomb to his honor."

Up to the present time, though individuals had displayed great enterprise and splendid daring, France as a nation had not deeply impressed itself on the Western Hemisphere. The century and a quarter which followed the restoration in 1632 marks the period of signal development which pushed for ascendency, and threw its claim of empire over a geographical range of dazzling extent.

Under the new policy a firmer foothold was taken upon the soil. Agriculture was increased; fixed possessions were encouraged; the religious zeal of the times became a dominant factor; the Jesuit and other ecclesiastical organizations brought their aid. Priest and friar, shrinking from no danger and avoiding no hardship, penetrated to the farthest, wildest regions, planting missions which became the outposts and at the same time strongholds of civilization—all to bring to the benighted savage knowledge of the true faith and save him from the doom of the unbaptized.

"I cannot tell you," said one of their number, "what abundant consolation I found under all my troubles; for when one sees so many infidels needing nothing but a drop of water to make them children of God, he feels an irresistible ardor to sacrifice to it his labors and his life." The whole population, if such it may be called, was imbued with this spirit. Soldier and ranger followed and

supported the ecclesiastic, but it is said that no adventurous trader ever entered a wilderness but he found that a priest had been there before him. The Indian tribes were greatly attracted by the ceremonious form of worship offered for their participation.

The French colonists made use to the utmost of their Indian allies; their ways to the natives were kind and conciliatory. They studied their languages. All but the arrogant Iroquois were disposed to be friends.

Thus little by little the colony grew and extended itself over its vast territory. Following the Ottawa the junction of Lakes Huron and Michigan was reached at an early day, where the important mission of Michillimackinac was established. In 1673 Father Marquette, with a single companion, Joliet, in a marvelous journey of three thousand miles traversed the present state of Wisconsin, found the great river which was supposed to empty into the Pacific, and canoed down the Mississippi in a birch bark beyond the mouth of the Missouri and beyond the Arkansas. It was a great achievement. It opened the vision of possessing the mouth of the great river. With command of the St. Lawrence at one end and of the Mississippi at the other, the whole great interior would be laid in the lap of France.

Among the great men who sought fame and fortune in Canada was the Sieur of La Salle, "the greatest orator in North America." Versed in all their languages, no one equalled his skill and ascendency in the management of Indians. Hampered by misfortunes, opposed by enemies

and intrigue, harrassed by debt, he struggled against apparently insuperable difficulties, but no difficulty baffled him. Defeat only led to new endeavor. It was his aim to reach the outlet of the Mississippi. By Herculean efforts he was able to embark on his final expedition in December, 1681. His starting point was Fort Miami on the east shore of Lake Michigan. His force consisted of twenty-three Frenchmen and eighteen Indians. His transports were birch bark canoes. He crossed the lake to the Chicago River, thence to the Illinois, and journeyed down the Mississippi. I cannot follow the interesting voyage. When approaching his goal he divided his party, following different channels of the river. On an early day in April he beheld the great bosom of the Gulf before him. Then he re-assembled his party. He erected a proud column bearing the arms of France. There was a great demonstration—the chanting of the Te Deum, volleys of musketry and a grandiloquent proclamation by the orator wherein he took possession in the name of his Majesty, the King of France, and his successors, "of this country of Louisiana, the seas, harbors, peoples, provinces, cities, towns, villages, mines, minerals, ports, bays, adjacent straits, and all the nations, fisheries, streams and rivers within the extent of said Louisiana from the mouth of the great river St. Louis, otherwise called the Ohio * * * as also along the river Colbert, or Mississippi, and the rivers which discharge themselves thereinto."

A cross was planted beside the column and a leaden

plate buried beneath it bearing the inscription "*Ludovicus magnus regnat.*" It was indeed a princely domain—not seized it is true in very solid occupation; it was of

"Such stuff
"As dreams are made on."

While New France was thus extending her possessions and claims in the interior, the growing force of the British possessions on the Atlantic coast was a constant source of anxiety and irritation. The two nationalities were enemies of old. They were rivals in the New World. Both were deeply religious. Each looked upon the Satanic heresy of the other with dutifully rancorous hatred. Their parent countries were generally at war, and every war between them afforded justification for acts of hostility here. These chiefly took the form of ravages upon frontier towns aided by Indian allies.

A notable instance of these coming from the French side was the raid on the village of Deerfield in 1704 It was during the war for the Spanish succession, a war involving the succession to the throne of Spain, a matter in which, of course, the American colonies, both French and English, had the deepest interest.

Deerfield was a frontier settlement on the Connecticut River. It contained some forty houses, the principal ones and the "meeting house" enclosed within a stockade. The village had as its pastor the Reverend John Williams, a graduate of Harvard, a man of courage as well as orthodox piety, who lived within the stockade with his wife and eight children. It is to him and his fertile pen that

we chiefly owe information of the catastrophe that fell upon his flock. To the north of the New England settlement dwelt the tribe of the Abenakis. They were friends of the French, and to a large extent converts to the true faith. Large parties of them had become dwellers in Christian missions in the immediate neighborhood of Canadian power. A state of war being recognized, the village of Deerfield had reason for anxiety. There had been rumors of contemplated attacks by the French and Indians, and through the autumn the inhabitants were wary, seeking safety especially at night within the protection of the palisades; but as winter deepened, the seat of the enemy being three hundred miles away, the sense of insecurity faded and precautions were largely neglected.

But the ice and snow which to these villagers seemed a shield of protection were turned by their vigilant foes into a means of attack. Vaudreuil, the governor of Canada, was fierce for a blow at exasperating New England. He was advised that "his Indians were ready to lift the hatchet against the English." In the depth of winter, therefore, he organized his expedition for the destruction of this outlying hamlet. The French officer, Major Haertel de Rouville, was given the command. Fifty Canadians and two hundred Abenakis and Cuyahogas, warriors of the missions, constituted its force. A benevolent priest charged these warriors, subjects of the mission, as they were about to start on the expedition, to baptize all children before putting them to death. First

to redeem from original sin and cleanse from heresy by the sacred rite of sanctified baptism, and then to slay, seemed no enormity to the pious mind.

On snow shoes, its supplies carried on sledges, not without suffering from hunger and cold, this warlike body pursued its journey through the drifts of uninhabited forests and over frozen streams. It approached its destination on the afternoon of February 28, 1704. A halt was made about two miles from the village. Success was to be obtained by surprise at the darkest time of night. The utmost care of concealment was observed. No fires were permitted in spite of piercing frost. Two hours before dawn was the chosen hour for attack. Circumstances favored it. The same sense of security which had caused the omission of other precautions allowed the guards to retire after twelve o'clock at night so that the whole settlement was in slumber. The snow drifts were covered by a crust of ice and came so near to a level of the palisades that the latter presented no serious impediment. Thus Rouville and his band were able to come upon their victims unperceived. "Then with one accord they screeched the war whoop and assailed the doors of the houses with axes and hatchets." The assailants rushed to their harvest. Men, women and children were ruthlessly slain, and it is to be feared in the heat of the assault the pious Indians forgot the baptism. Such as were desirable as captives were taken; all others within their power fell beneath their hatchet.

All but one house within the stockade and all but

a few distant ones outside were taken, sacked and burned. Inhabitants who escaped found shelter in the fortified house of Jonathan Wells at the extreme edge of the struggling village, which was not attacked. Some fifty were killed and over one hundred taken captive.

The march of the prisoners to the homes of their captors was a long and weary one. The melting of snow and the breaking up of the ice as the season advanced made their route almost impassable. There was suffering from want of food. It would probably be unjust to charge the captors with ruthless cruelty, on the other hand there was no sentimental tenderness, and where a victim became disabled and unable to proceed, a blow of the tomahawk was deemed the proper means to put him out of misery. In this way seventeen were killed; among them the wife of the Rev. John Williams, who, enfeebled by recent sickness, fainted in crossing a stream. Several are said to have died of starvation. Each healthy prisoner, however, had his value, and in the main they were treated with kindness. The prisoners were the property of those who had captured them. One-half of them, it is estimated, never saw their friends or their homes again. Mr. Williams and his children were separated. He had two Indian owners who carried him to the Abenaki's village of St. Francis. Here they tried religiously, both by persuasion and by force, to save his soul and to make him participate in the worship of their church, but the redoubtable Calvinist would not yield. Williams was the most important capture of the year, and

the Governor, Vaudreuil, bought him of his captors and had him brought to Montreal. He changed his tattered clothes for new ones and lodged him in his own house and was, as the minister expressed it, "in all respects relating to my outward man courteous and charitable to admiration." But he was held a prisoner, until after three years of captivity he was exchanged and returned to his post at Deerfield.

During his captivity he was constantly watched lest he should speak to other prisoners and prevent their conversion. It was the constant endeavor of the priests to turn the captives, especially the younger ones, into Catholics and Canadians. In this they were by no means unsuccessful. It was a sore point with this rigid Protestant.

"Sometimes," he writes, "they would tell me my children, sometimes my neighbors, were turned to be of their religion. Some made it their work to allure poor souls by flatteries and great promises, some threatened, some offered abuse to such as refused to go to church and be present at the mass; and some they industriously contrived to get married among them. These, their endeavors to reduce to popery, were very exercising to me."

And they came closely home to him. His son, Samuel, about sixteen years old, had been kept at Montreal under the tutelage of a priest of St. Sulpice. A letter was brought to him from this son, in which the latter related with satisfaction and many particulars the deathbed conversion of two New England women. At the same time the father was informed that the son had ardently em-

braced the Catholic faith. It was a sorry stroke. "Oh, I pity you. I mourn over you day and night. Oh, I pity your weakness that through the craftiness of man you are turned from the simplicity of the Gospel," wrote the father to his erring son, at the same time expounding to him the infallible truth of Calvinism and the damnable errors of Rome.

Whether by reason of this letter, or otherwise, his conversion seems to have set lightly on the soul of Samuel. He was ultimately exchanged, returned to Deerfield, and got on so well with his Protestant neighbors that he was chosen town clerk in 1713.

Eunice, the youngest daughter, eight years old at the time of the capture, a bright child, was very dear to her father. She was taken to the mission St. Louis. Two years later Williams wrote that she was still there, that she had forgotten her English, and to his greatest grief had forgotten her catechism. Eunice grew up in the Indian mission, adopted the life and manners as well as the costume, of her captors, and at the proper age was married to an Indian of the tribe, who thereupon took the name of Williams. Many years after, and after her father's death, she came with her husband and two children on a visit to Deerfield "dressed as a squaw and wrapped in an Indian blanket." She was treated with consideration by her relatives, "she and her husband were offered a tract of land if they would settle in New England, but she positively refused, saying that it would endanger her soul. She lived to a great age, a squaw to

the last." Her case was by no means an exceptional one. This incident illustrates the spirit and the manners of the times.

To the imaginative mind the occupancy of the French on the American continent in the earlier eighteenth century presented a dazzling picture. Holding the mouths of the two great rivers, the St. Lawrence in the northeast, through which the Great Lakes poured their mighty waters to the sea, and the Mississippi in the southwest, which, with its tributaries, drained more territory than any other river in the world, claiming and in a manner holding all the vast interior, the one strong competitor being confined to a strip on the Atlantic seaboard to the east of the Alleghany Mountains, and maintaining her claims and her possessions with ever ready dash and spirit, New France indeed seemed a dominating power.

To the enthusiastic son of France the picture certainly gave promise of empire. If cold reason suggested that the wild tracts of country were too vast for their method of occupation, the assertion of the red man too evanescent to be built upon, and that permanency of possession could only be hoped for through a miracle, the devoted Frenchman would have answered, "And why not a miracle?" Was not their daily life a miracle? How, but by miracle, could they traverse the wild forest in safety? The bloodthirsty savage, swinging his murderous tomahawk, dropped his weapon when his eye fell upon the crucifix. Theirs was the true religion and the true God. By the command of their true God they carried His religion to

his benighted children. This was their appointed mission. It attended the courier and the soldier as well as the priest. Why should not a miracle protect their empire?

In the continuous warfare, however, between the French and the English, with all her enterprise and gallantry New France was by far the weaker power. In the long run the God of Battles inclines to the side of the stronger battalions. By the middle of the eighteenth century the inhabitants of the British colonies counted a million, while all the white inhabitants of New France numbered less than one hundred thousand. And England held dominion of the sea!

Divided counsels had given French prowess many advantages, but the sentiment grew that "Canada must be destroyed." Then came the energetic ministry of the elder Pitt. It organized its strength—the resources of old England, the efficient aid of the new. France sent her gallant Montcalm. The final struggle was on hand. The contest was brave, its issue tragic.

The dream was dispelled. It died, died on the field of honor, died when Montcalm wrapped his dying heroism in the clods of the furrow plowed by British cannon balls on the "Heights of Abraham."

The dream of empire vanished, but its halo remains, throwing its spell of romance over the land of its birth and of its death. Look at it from the standpoint of the dreamer. As observed by Professor Hinsdale in his history of the Old Northwest, "To men like Champlain, Marquette and La Salle, exploring New France was a poem, whose splendor almost made them forget the hardships and perils of the exploration."

OLD-TIME JOURNALISM.

(Suggested by looking over the file of a Milwaukee Newspaper for 1843.)

By John Goadby Gregory.

When imagination craves a fresh gyration,
Let your occupation be to search a file
Of an old newspaper, and your thoughts will caper
As you turn the pages and an hour beguile.

I have made some sorties back among the forties,
Ah, the rigor mortis stiffened long ago
All the busy fingers whose achievement lingers
In those dusty, musty sheets of folio!

How the old reporters passed their dimes for quarters!
Then no rude exhorters shouted "Boil it down!"
For events were fewer when the place was newer,
And the earliest brewer had just struck the town.

The poor drudge who ranges wide among exchanges,
And his work arranges with a dab of paste
And the proud reflection that a choice selection
Implies intellection, enterprise and taste,

Must have kept so busy as to make him dizzy,
Full well, I wis, he would have joyed to view
His scissoration, still in circulation,
On an endless journey, like the Wandering Jew.

Those old leader-writers! They were sturdy fighters,
And confirmed inditers of impassioned prose,
And at all times ready the state's helm to steady,
And to save the people from impending woes.

Then they were not able to print "News by Cable."
It was miserable with no telegraph,
When it seemed a far go from here to Chicago,
And their "Late Dispatches" make a modern laugh.

But the old newspapers were unswelled with vapors,
And their wildest capers look discreet and wise
Beside the "Yellows" which some modern fellows
Are bold to flaunt before the public's eyes.

HORACE GREELEY.

By Gerry W. Hazelton.

On the old highway leading from Antrim to Nashua is located the town of Amherst among the hills of Southern New Hampshire. It is a quiet, sleepy old town, with nothing to distinguish it from its neighboring towns except a level stretch of sandy soil which is still known as Amherst Plain. It was settled in the first half of the eighteenth century by the same class of sturdy emigrants who settled in Londonderry and in the towns adjacent thereto. They were known as Scotch-Irish, but were distinctly of Scotch descent. Here on one of the hillside farms in a modest frame dwelling house Horace Greeley was born on the 3rd of February, 1811, and in the district schools of the neighborhood he acquired his education. But he made the most of his opportunities. His leisure hours were spent in reading, and all the knowledge he acquired from books was stored in his retentive memory, so that he came to be regarded as a lad of unusual promise. No better evidence of this is needed than the fact that before he left New Hampshire for Vermont, some of the leading men of the neighborhood proposed to pay his way through college. In speaking of the circumstance he says: "I do not remember that I had then any decided opinion or wish in the premises; but I now have, and from the bottom of my heart I thank my parents for

their wise and manly decision. Much as I have needed a fuller, better education, I rejoice that I am indebted for schooling to none but those of whom I had a right to ask and expect it."

The Greeley family seemed to have more than its share of conflicts with poverty. The Amherst farm and most of the personal property were sold by the sheriff for debt, and the parents and children gathered up the odds and ends that were left and removed to West Haven, Vermont. "The sum total of our worldly goods," says Horace, "including furniture, bedding and the clothes we stood in, may have been worth $200, but we were never without meal, meat and wood, and seldom without money." It is not surprising that the hardships and privations of the family should have prompted the lad to abandon the idea of becoming a farmer. Fortunately his love for newspapers and periodicals developed into a desire to be a printer, and in April, 1826, at the age of fifteen, he entered a printing office at Poultney, Vermont, where he mastered the art of setting type. Here he remained for four years and thereafter followed his trade for several months as he could find employment. In August, 1831, he went to New York with no capital but his trade, a sturdy resolution, and ten dollars in his pocket. After looking in vain for work during several days, he found a job which no one else wanted and entered on his career; but the way was beset with difficulties well calculated to test his strength of character and purpose. It was similar to the experience which Lincoln passed through, but in

his case, as in Lincoln's, it proved of incalculable value later in life.

On the 10th day of April, 1841, Mr. Greeley, then thirty years of age, issued the first number of the New York Tribune, and that journal doubtless exerted a larger influence in molding public sentiment for the best part of two decades in the non-slaveholding states than any other newspaper published in America. As the editor of the "New Yorker," "The Jeffersonian" and the "Log Cabin" he had become well known as a clear and powerful political writer, and the circulation of his paper increased from year to year as the questions he discussed became more and more absorbing. From 1851 to the close of the Lincoln campaign the Tribune found its way to more homes and was welcomed by a larger number of readers than any other political newspaper between the oceans, and its great value to the mass of its readers was in its editorials. They were not the commonplace editorials of the commonplace writer. They were the bold and masterly discussions of pending issues from the Tribune's standpoint. They were the utterances of a mind stored with valuable data, a mind which clearly comprehended the trend of events and the powerful influences behind it. They indicated a thorough grasp of the mighty problems of the period and an eager interest to impress upon the readers of the Tribune the views which inspired its editor.

It is moreover to be remembered that Mr. Greeley's influence was vastly augmented by the circumstance that

he was a journalist and not a professional politician. He had the credit at that period of being simply a great editor, in deadly earnest to awaken his countrymen to a higher sense of duty and responsibility. The Tribune was Greeley's newspaper and it was a power to be reckoned with. The eccentricities of the editor, while they excited harmless comment, never impaired his influence; they only emphasized his individuality. In the realm of intellectual resources he had no peer in his profession, particularly when we take into account the amazing fund of information on which he could draw at will. His memory was an encyclopedia of detail knowledge. There was never a time between 1845 and 1860 when his name would not have headed a list of leading American journalists selected by popular vote. This is saying a good deal, for the percentage of distinguished editorial writers was much larger in that period than it has ever been since.

That Mr. Greeley was fortunate in the choice of a calling cannot be questioned. Indeed, we can hardly think of him as being at his best in any other profession. In his sanctum, with pen in hand, he was a power of national importance. On the platform, or in the forum, he was outclassed by men who had the gifts he lacked, and lacked the gifts he had. It is true he did occasionally respond to invitations from the lecture bureaus, but these invitations were prompted solely by the reputation he had won as the editor of the Tribune; and it may well be doubted if he was ever introduced to an audience except

as the "well known editor of the New York Tribune." That he was proud to be thus known may be safely assumed. In his "Recollections of a Busy Life" is this significant passage: "And yet I cherish the hope that the journal I projected and established will live and flourish long after I shall have moldered into forgotten dust, and that the stone which covers my ashes may bear to future eyes the still intelligible inscription, 'Founder of the New York Tribune.'"

The most formidable and elaborate of his productions was the "American Conflict," in two large volumes. The introductory portion of the work is notably able and vigorous and the chapters devoted to the details of the conflict disclose the marvelous industry of the writer, but they were written too early to be accepted in all their detail as history. The data from which to draw final conclusions were still in a confused and unsettled state. But the marvel is that Mr. Greeley could find time, with all his multiplied engagements, to accomplish such an undertaking.

His "Recollections of a Busy Life" has doubtless appealed to a larger circle of readers than any of his published volumes. It is an intensely entertaining work. It is crowded with interesting incidents and reveals the writer in every phase of his remarkable career. His early struggles with poverty, his persistent efforts to establish himself in business, his domestic joys and sorrows, his friendships, his views upon almost every subject which touches the welfare of organized society, his high moral

standards, his economic convictions, his recollections of the public men of his time, are all brought out in such a way as to make the volume a work of absorbing interest. It ought not to be relegated to the limbo of outworn literature. It is good reading for the boys of to-day as for those of a past generation.

Unquestionably Mr. Greeley's experiences in early life which revealed the hardships and trials of the laboring classes, had an appreciable influence on his sympathies and his convictions relative to social problems, but on this subject it is not necessary to enlarge.

But there was in his nature a deeper fountain of sensibility, which was seldom reached in his ordinary social and business relations. There were very few men who were able to excite in him any feeling beyond commonplace friendship. He seems, however, to have cherished for Henry Clay a warm and genuine affection. He was in complete sympathy with the political views of that statesman and his admiration for him personally was unbounded. He regarded his defeat in 1844 as a national calamity and for many years continued to grieve over it.

It has sometimes excited surprise that he never seems to have taken any particular or personal interest in the public men who hailed from his native state; such men as Webster and Chase and Dix and Chandler and Butler and Hale. He doubtless thought well of them, but his estimate was not influenced by state pride. Indeed, he has left no evidence behind him that he cared more for New Hampshire than for Vermont or Massachusetts. In

this respect he differed from Webster, who never parted with his love for his old home.

But no one can read the chapter in his "Recollections" devoted to his dead children, or his tribute to Margaret Fuller, without realizing that he possessed a deeply tender and affectionate nature.

Had Mr. Greeley passed away at the close of the campaign of 1860, he would have been assigned a place in history as unique and distinct and hardly less interesting than that of Franklin. He had won the confidence and admiration of a larger circle of readers than any other member of his profession. He had come to wield an influence in molding and guiding public opinion which was universally recognized.

Within sixty days after Lincoln's election his reputation and influence had suffered an eclipse like that of the sun at its meridian. It is impossible for those of the present generation to comprehend it. The war spirit tolerates nothing short of absolute loyalty. "He who is not for us is against us" is its uncompromising dictum.

The people generally realized the trend of events, and the friends of the Union, while eagerly hoping and earnestly praying that the war clouds might break away, were alive to the situation and loyally proclaiming their devotion to the national government and their determination to maintain its integrity at all hazards. It was at this time Mr. Greeley wrote and published in the Tribune—"The dissolution of the Union would not be the dreadful affair our correspondent thinks. It would be a very absurd act

on the part of the seceding party and would work great inconvenience and embarrassment, especially to the people of the great Mississippi Valley. In time, however, matters would adjust themselves to the new political arrangements and we would grow as many bushels of corn to the acre, and get as many yards of cloth from a hundred pounds of wool as we do now." This declaration was construed to mean that Mr. Greeley did not think the Union worth fighting for. A week later, on the 24th of December, 1860, he wrote "Let the cotton states or any six or more states say unequivocally 'We want to get out of the Union' and prepare to effect their end peaceably and inoffensively and we will do our best to help them out. Not that we want them to go, but that we loathe the idea of compelling them to stay."

Thenceforth Mr. Greeley ceased to be the great journalist whose editorials were accepted by his readers without challenge. His leadership was no longer unquestioned. To his readers he seemed like one who had lost his mental poise; he had weakened at the very moment when courage and loyalty were in supreme demand. His friends grieved at what they believed the fatal mistake of his career, and refused to follow him. It is true the Tribune supported the administration in a way, and occasionally published a loyal and telling editorial, but on the whole its course was eccentric and at times discordant, and it is doubtful if the triumph of our arms and the preservation of the Republic were due in any sense to Greeley.

Attempts were made at the time and have been made since to explain his attitude. It was attributed by many to his constitutional abhorrence of bloodshed. "Let us bear in mind," says one of his biographers, "that there lay at the basis of his moral and mental make-up two great principles or sentiments—an almost fanatical passion for liberty to all and in all things, and a morbid shrinking from the employment of physical force and especially bloodshed even towards criminals convicted of murder."

But this explanation is not only discreditable to his manhood, but wholly inadequate. Substantially the same sentiments in regard to the horrors of civil war were entertained by the mass of his neighbors and fellow citizens, but they were resolutely subordinated to the higher sentiment of loyalty to the national government. There must be some better and more satisfactory explanation.

It must be remembered that after the election of Mr. Lincoln the war clouds rapidly thickened and it became more and more evident that the leaders of the secession movement were in deadly earnest. The outlook became alarming and the friends of the government, particularly in the east, naturally turned their attention to the president-elect. Was there reason to believe that he possessed the qualifications for the supreme exigency? The surface indications were not encouraging. He was without experience and many of the politicians who visited Springfield came away with the impression that he was a typical self-made western lawyer, fond of telling stories, popular

as a stump speaker, a shrewd politician in local affairs, but with no discoverable capacity to take the helm of government in such an emergency. Unfortunately this impression took possession of many of the leading statesmen in New York, Washington and elsewhere. Mr. Weed, one of the most sagacious and influential factors in national politics, who had visited Lincoln and discussed the situation with him and the qualifications of men who were mentioned for cabinet ministers, came out in December in a strong editorial urging that an attempt be made to bring about an amicable adjustment of our difficulties. The editorial was vigorously criticised, and attributed to various influences except the right one. No one doubted later on the real motive which had inspired the editorial.

Mr. Greeley, always bold and pronounced in his views, reached the conclusion that with Lincoln in the White House the success of the movement for secession was as certain as the diurnal revolution of the earth. He looked upon the result as foredoomed. If others did not agree with him it was because they did not comprehend the situation. In the end they would learn that he was right and commend his superior foresight. He doubtless thought, as did many others, that England and France would recognize the confederacy at the earliest opportunity and this tended to confirm his conviction.

Impressed with these views he simply responded to the logic of the situation as it appeared to him. He reasoned that he had a duty to perform—a duty to his

country, to humanity, to avert the horrors of civil war. It required courage to defy the loyal sentiment which animated those about him, but he believed the time would come when his action would be approved and his wisdom vindicated. This is the only explanation which leaves him in possession of his intellectual poise and the average measure of virility and courage.

Could he have foreseen that England's noble Queen would hold her impatient ministers in check, and that the man in the White House was wiser and greater than his critics, it would have been better for his fame. He should have remembered that when the war spirit is once aroused brave men do not stop to balance probabilities, they fight; and that when the war is over only those who have been loyal to their flag and their cause, whatever the result, are remembered with gratitude. That Mr. Greeley realized this after the struggle was over cannot be questioned. In fact, he was never altogether himself after the war. His allegiance to party became less and less pronounced and his discussion of men and measures more free and independent. He supported Grant in the campaign of 1868 as against Horatio Seymour, but criticised his administration freely, and when it became evident that he would be supported for a second term he united with others in a determined effort to defeat the movement, and when this failed he urged an independent nomination. It is not probable that he contemplated the possibility of being a candidate at this time, but the anti-Grant sentiment finally centered upon him as on the whole the

most desirable candidate and he was nominated at the convention of Liberal Republicans held at Cincinnati on the first of May, 1872, with B. Gratz Brown of Missouri as his running mate.

In July following, these nominations were ratified by the Democratic convention which met at Baltimore, and the campaign was on. In some respects it was a unique contest, inasmuch as a large percentage of Mr. Greeley's nominal supporters had no confidence in, and very little respect for his political principles, as expressed in the Tribune from its first issue.

As the campaign progressed it became evident that the assaults on Grant, led by Sumner in the senate and by Greeley in the Tribune, had exerted no appreciable effect on his standing with the people. He was still the illustrious soldier who had led our armies to victory, and his friends did not believe him capable of "trampling on the Constitution or indulging in transgressions threatening the very life of our free institutions" as recklessly and absurdly charged.

In August Mr. Greeley's friends persuaded him to take the stump. On the 14th of that month he addressed a large and enthusiastic audience at Portland, Maine. In September he appeared at Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Louisville, Jeffersonville and Indianapolis, and it is not too much to say that his speeches rank with the ablest that have ever been made by a presidential candidate. But it was impossible to turn the tide that was setting in for Grant. All the states save Maryland, Georgia, Kentucky,

Tennessee, Missouri and Texas gave the great general their electoral vote.

It is easy to say that Mr. Greeley's heart was broken by his defeat; but nothing could be more absurd. It was not his defeat that carried him off. It was the burden of a campaign which he was in no condition physically to undertake and which his friends should not have laid upon him. For a lifetime he had done double duty. His labors had been excessive and unceasing for fifty years. His published volumes, and they were quite numerous, represent so small a share of the sum of his writings that they are scarcely appreciable in estimating his work. His nights, as well as his days, were freely given to his profession. Rest and recreation were to him words without meaning, and so at the early age of sixty-one, weary and worn and broken in health, he retired to a private sanitarium to spend the brief remnant, and it was very brief, of a "busy life."

"Then one day," says Mr. James, "there came the authentic report that he had broken down completely; that he was practically unconscious; that his mind was gone; that in his semi-coherent moments he muttered something about the Tribune. A few days later we learned that he had passed away." He died on the 29th of November, 1872.

His death was universally mourned. All sections of our country paid touching tribute to his memory. The tragic pathos of his passing touched all hearts and obliterated every trace of political or personal prejudice.

More than forty thousand people visited the City Hall to view the remains of one they had loved and honored, a majority of whom were from the humbler walks of life. They realized that they had lost a friend. A more spontaneous manifestation of universal sorrow in the city where he had lived so long had seldom, if ever, been seen.

I shall be pardoned, I am sure, for referring very briefly to my personal recollections of this distinguished son of my native state. I first saw him when I was a lad. It was in the campaign of 1844, when he visited New Hampshire in the interest of Henry Clay, his ideal statesman. It was before the days of rapid transit, and he was late in arriving at the church, or "meeting house," as it was called, where a large audience had assembled to see and hear him, for his oddities of dress and manners were then well known. I recall the scene as he entered the church and passed along the aisle to the platform in front of the desk. Every one was anxious to see him, and curiosity was mingled with pleasure in the greeting which his appearance called forth. He was then but thirty-three years of age, but he looked to me much older, and I recall that he was introduced to the audience as the well known editor of the New York Tribune. The fact is, that his paper even then had a large circulation in New Hampshire, and every reader of his editorials was anxious to see him, and the old white coat and slouch hat and shambling gait awakened general delight. His favorite candidate failed to carry the state, but this was not the fault of Mr. Greeley. I saw him again after several years of

varied experience and wider culture had expanded his mental resources. It was at Schenectady in the early fifties when he appeared before a large audience in the lecture course of the season and read a very interesting and thoughtful address on the course of instruction then pursued in our colleges and higher institutions of learning; claiming that it was not what it ought to be in that it failed to qualify young men for the practical and industrial duties of life, and stated by way of illustration that there were 5,000 college graduates in New York City who did not know at night where they would get their breakfast in the morning. Their education had failed to teach them how to earn their bread. As one contemplates the changes which have been introduced in many of these institutions in recent years, it is only natural to reflect that his influence may have been a factor in stimulating the reform.

At the Chicago convention which nominated Lincoln in 1860, he was the most prominent figure on the ground; that is to say, there were more people curious to see him than any other delegate in the convention. Crowds gathered about him in the hotel, and people in the galleries asked to have him pointed out. An incident occurred early after the convention was organized which excited no little interest. He was seated with the delegation from Oregon by virtue of a proxy from one of the Oregon delegates, and had submitted a motion which he supported with a few remarks, when some delegate took the floor to oppose the motion, and referred to Mr. Greeley as the

distinguished gentleman from Oregon, which occasioned considerable merriment. The moment he took his seat Mr. Greeley sprang to his feet and in his falsetto voice declared that "The gentleman from Delaware or Rhode Island or some other place unknown to me has evidently failed to comprehend my motion." The quick retort was heartily appreciated and applauded. On that occasion I saw him at close range and it seemed to me he had aged perceptibly since I had last seen him.

In 1863, I think it was, he happened to be in Madison during our Republican state convention, and was invited to appear and address the convention, and I well remember how the interest of the delegates was excited by his amazing familiarity with our local politics and our experiences in certain counties, which he named, in enforcing the draft.

No one can study his remarkable career without recognizing his strong personality. He was in no sense commonplace. He thought for himself and assumed responsibility for all his utterances. He expressed no opinion on any subject which he did not stand ready to defend. His convictions were sincere and he believed in them and followed where they led. His readers accepted his views, not only because they were presented with ability, but because they believed him to be honest and sincere. He parted from his friends when he saw the approach of the Civil war, but he believed he was right and dared to follow his convictions. And when we compare such men with the office-seeking trimmers and self-serving politicians so

much in evidence we instinctively accord them a measure of admiration, even though we may not approve their every act.

Another prominent characteristic was his abhorrence of dishonesty. Personal integrity was what he studied to maintain and what he demanded in others. He recognized it as a basis of social order as well as of personal standing and respectability. He demanded it in public officials. In 1846 he was elected to Congress to fill out the unexpired term of one David S. Jackson, who had been unseated because his election had been secured by the vote of the paupers domiciled in the almshouse on Blackwell's Island. He ascertained that members of Congress had been in the habit of drawing mileage over circuitous and unfrequented routes. He obtained the facts from an authentic source and published them in detail in the Tribune. To say that he stirred up a hornet's nest would be to define his achievement in the mildest language possible. He at once became "Anathema Maranatha" with the offended members, and it may be said that their anger was in no respect appeased by the fact that the public endorsed and applauded Greeley for exposing the graft. It is safe to say that it was not the graft but the exposure which excited their indignation.

It required courage and a dominating sense of duty to take such a step, but these were Mr. Greeley's inspiration from boyhood; and after all, it is such men who win our confidence and respect. His exposure of graft in the in-

stance just referred to, is mentioned only as a typical act. It was in line with his life long record. Never for one moment did any one who knew him question his personal integrity or expect him to tolerate the lack of it in others.

A great deal was said at one time about the political alliance between Seward, Weed and Greeley, and it is true that for many years they worked together in harmony, and that the head of the coalition appropriated the honors and profits. This circumstance did not trouble Mr. Weed, because he had no ambition for office and found pleasure in aiding the ambitions of Seward. Mr. Greeley was never regarded as an office seeker in the ordinary sense of the word, but he came to feel that Mr. Seward might have assisted him when he needed help by having him appointed to some one of the lucrative federal offices in the city. There is no evidence that he ever suggested that he would like such an appointment, but it evidently grieved him that Mr. Seward had never thought it worth his while to interview him on the subject. His letter to the senator, written on the 11th of November, 1854, announcing the dissolution of the political firm of Seward, Weed and Greeley, indicates very clearly that Mr. Greeley deeply felt that his services as a member of the firm had not been appreciated. The letter is thoroughly characteristic and discloses strong feeling on the part of the writer. That it was ever answered there is no reason to believe, but that Mr. Seward understood he could no longer count on Mr. Greeley's support may be assumed. Whether such

support would have been of any service in 1860 cannot be known, but there is not much ground to believe it would.

But Mr. Greeley's hold upon the esteem and good will of his fellow citizens was enhanced by his consistent advocacy of hopeful reforms. Right or wrong, he was believed to be a sincere and earnest champion of the interests of the common people. His own struggles and experiences brought him into touch with the sons of toil, and every suggestion looking to the betterment of their condition appealed to him. At one period of life he was charged with an inclination to favor all the isms afloat and there was some ground for the charge, but no one doubted that his motives were of the best. He hated oppression in all its forms, and the great powers of his mind were for years leveled at the encroachments of the slave power, and the menace to our free institutions which lurked in their trail. In was his attitude on this subject as much as any one thing which prompted the remark that "Mr. Greeley was first among those who have made newspapers great controlling organs of opinion." It is only fair to say that while he differed with the great mass of loyal people as to the duty of preserving the government by force of arms and at whatever cost, no one doubted the sincerity of his convictions or the integrity of his motives. It is said he was opinionated, and this is true, but such men have a right to be opinionated. They mold public sentiment. They are leaders of thought and must have stable convictions or lose their influence. He grasped the problems of statecraft with the eagerness and

relish of a master, and at the same time his ear was quick to hear and to heed the faintest cry of the weak, the unfortunate and the distressed; and while he will be remembered as the founder of the New York Tribune, he will also be remembered for his tireless energy, for his broad human sympathies, for his marvelous intellectual resources, for his high ethical standards—in a word, for those qualities which give him rank among the self-made men whose achievements shed luster on the Republic.

A COURT THAT KEPT THE FAITH.

By John B. Winslow.

It is not pleasant for one who (even without good reason therefor) has for years deemed himself a fairly respectable citizen, or at least has supposed that the contrary had not been found out, to awake suddenly to the fact that he is regarded by his fellow citizens not merely as an undesirable citizen, but as an oligarch.

Such was the writer's uncomfortable experience some few months since when he received, through the courtesy of the publishers or the author, or both, a copy of a new book, entitled "Our Judicial Oligarchy."

Careful perusal of the work with this fearsome title convinced me that my worst fears were realized. I had ventured for many years, like little wanton boys who swim on bladders on a sea of glory, but far beyond my depth. The unsubstantial, not to say positively disreputable, character of my claims to the respect or confidence of my fellow citizens had been discovered, the mask had been ruthlessly torn off, and I stood pilloried and defenseless before the eyes of a pitiless and contemptuous world, with the revolting word "Oligarch" written upon my brow.

Fearing that some of my present hearers have not kept up their classics, and so may not fully appreciate the gravity of the situation, I hasten to transcribe here a brief

definition of an oligarchy, as given by a very respectable encyclopedia. It runs thus: "A term applied by Greek political writers to that perversion of an aristocracy in which the efforts of the dominant and ruling party are chiefly devoted to their own aggrandizement and the extension of their powers and privileges. Thus it bears the same relation to Aristocracy that despotism does to Monarchy and Ochlocracy does to Democracy." I decline to define Ochlocracy; this address may perhaps be printed, and it is best to leave something to the imagination.

I confess as I reflected upon my past life and its visible results it did not seem to me that I had achieved any startling success in my nefarious occupation as an oligarch. For one who has labored for twenty-five years to aggrandize himself and extend his powers and privileges, the results seemed astonishingly meagre. Clearly they would not justify me in recommending the profession of Oligarchy to earnest young men who are yearning for opportunity to live in the lap of luxury at the expense of their fellow mortals.

I do not feel that I would be justified in saying to my fellow citizens, after the manner of the boy in the village swimming-hole, "Come on in, the oligarching is fine," nor could I honestly recommend to the University of Wisconsin even the establishment of a course in Oligarchery (if I may coin a word to fit the occasion).

However, in spite of my ill-success in this interesting occupation, it is quite possible that others have been more fortunate in the prosecution of their fell designs,—there

may be people who have made oligarching pay, and it is never wise to generalize hastily from single instances.

On partially recovering from my astonishment (you will note that my recovery has been only partial,—it can probably never be complete), the question as to how and when I became an oligarch began to interest me. I was quite sure that I was not to the manner born. Paraphrasing the language of the lamented Spartacus, who will be remembered by the elder generation of my hearers at least, "I was not always a hired grafter, a savage chief of still more savage men." While my ancestors did not come from old Sparta, they came from old England, and settled among the barren rocks and windswept hills of Massachusetts for the very purpose of escaping from oligarchs and oligarchy, both ecclesiastical and civil. They were true democrats if true democracy existed anywhere, and my own father, whose name I always speak with reverence and affection, was perhaps the truest democrat of them all.

If then I was not born an oligarch had I achieved oligarchy, or had it been thrust upon me? Much thought has failed to bring to me any satisfactory answer to these questions. I find by consulting the book of which I have spoken that the first and foremost reason why American judges are considered oligarchs is that they have usurped the power to declare laws unconstitutional. When I became a member of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin twenty-two years ago, I found that court, in common with the other appellate courts of the nation, exercising

this very great and responsible power; it did not occur to me then that the power had been usurped, and I have participated in its exercise since that time without objection. Perhaps it might be fairly correct to say in answer to the question as to how I became an oligarch that, like Topsy, "I jest growed," and let it rest at that.

Lest it may be thought that this paper is to be controversial in its character, I hasten to assure my hearers that such is very far from my intention. I believe I appreciate the proprieties of this occasion. This day, "most calm, most bright," these scenes most ravishing and fair, should not be profaned by the raucous voice of the political orator, the wild-eyed reformer, or the invincible standpatter. We all hear the "thunder of the captains and the shouting" day by day as we pursue our different callings, but here the "tumult and the shouting dies," "far off the noises of the world retreat; the loud vociferations of the street become an indistinguishable roar." Here are only companionship and gentle thoughts, here is the supreme contentment which comes when friend looks in the eye of friend and reads there love and trust and confidence, and knows that whether there be speech or not the communion of hearts is constant and complete. And so you may all dismiss any fears which you may have entertained of being compelled to listen to ponderous arguments on the mooted question whether the Supreme Court of the United States really usurped the power to pass authoritatively and finally upon the constitutionality of laws. I shall unlimber no oratorical cannon to-day,

nor will I let slip the dogs of declamatory war. I will simply tell a story of the early history of the state in which the Supreme Court of the state took a leading part. I shall formulate no moral at its close, nor even insist that it has any moral, though I shall stoutly maintain that it is not in any sense immoral.

Whether the Supreme Court of the United States usurped the power to declare laws unconstitutional, it is very certain that the Supreme Court of Wisconsin never did. When the Constitution of Wisconsin was framed the power had been exercised by the Supreme Court of the United States and by the appellate courts of the existing states for many years, and no one questioned its existence or its wisdom.

Our Constitution makers knew the fact very well and therefore it is unquestionable that they framed that document with the expectation that the Supreme Court thereby created would finally decide upon the validity of any law which might be attacked as unconstitutional. The guarantees of life, liberty and property which were placed in the instrument were placed there with the confident belief that the Supreme Court would guard them from invasion under all circumstances however trying. The power is there as completely as if it were written in so many words. The first serious test of the faithfulness of the Court to its great trust came but a few years after the organization of the separate Supreme Court, and it is of this that I would speak.

Our Constitution declared, as many others have done

both before and since, that every person is entitled to a certain remedy in the laws for all injuries and wrongs, and that the legislature should pass no law impairing the obligation of contracts. It also declared the common law to be in force in this state until altered or suspended by the legislature, thus making a contract which was good at common law good in Wisconsin, unless prohibited or affected in some way by some previously existing statute, and, if good, not subject to impairment after it was made.

The law merchant was then a part of the common law; negotiable paper in the hands of holders for value before due and without notice of any defense was binding on the maker, however good his defense might be against the original holder. This is the principle which is really the basic principle of modern business. Commerce, as we know it, could not exist without it. Commercial paper must carry its credentials on its face and not be subject to successful attack from behind if it is to exist at all. A necessary corollary to this principle is that securities which have been given as collateral to commercial paper must enjoy the same protection from attack. It was therefore absolutely necessary that Wisconsin should adopt this principle if its citizens were to transact business with the business world, and if the state expected to become one of the commercial commonwealths of the world, and feel the pulsations of the great arteries of modern trade.

That the Supreme Court was expected by the Constitution makers to defend this principle from assault at

the hands either of legislative or executive power there can be no doubt. The faithfulness of the Court to its trust was to be demonstrated sooner than any one could have anticipated.

The great wave of railroad building in Wisconsin in the early fifties is matter of history too well known to be dwelt upon at length. So also is the panic of 1857, which followed upon its heels and prostrated the business of the state and nation for years. The epidemic of railroad building had brought with it high finance. Glowing prospectuses of the new highways of commerce, accompanied by confident assurances of dividends, were circulated by glibmouthed agents all through the southern and eastern parts of the state, and both private citizens and communities caught the fever and subscribed for stock. Municipalities mortgaged their futures for many years by giving municipal bonds for stocks; citizens, and especially farmers, near whose lands the projected road was expected to pass, gave their negotiable notes secured by mortgages upon their farms, radiant in the belief that they would not only reap large dividends from the stock, but also increase very greatly the value of their farms. The notes and mortgages were at once negotiated in the east by the railroad companies to obtain money to build the roads; in some cases the roads were built, in some cases they were never built, but whether the road was built or not the farmer got nothing tangible for his note and mortgage.

The great financial storm of 1857 and the following

years sent every railroad into bankruptcy, wiped out every dollar of stock, and left the farmers to view as best they might the prospect of abandoning their farms to the mortgagees or working for years to pay a debt which represented no value received. In many cases it spelled ruin to the farmer, and if not ruin, at least years of hardship. The appeal to the sympathy was strong, and the principle that a contract must not be impaired seemed a hard proposition to enforce under such circumstances. It was like giving a stone when one is asked for bread.

The struggle to evade payment of the bonds and notes, both public and private, soon began; there was a general consensus of opinion that some way ought to be found, nay, that some way *must* be found to defeat both the municipal bonds and the farm notes and mortgages. Payments of interest ceased, and foreclosures were first threatened and then actually begun. The attorneys for the mortgagors generally set up two defenses, (1) that the railroad companies had no power to sell their stock for anything but cash, and (2) that the notes and mortgages were secured by means of fraudulent representations; but under the law of negotiable paper the second defense was of no avail against *bona fide* holders of the notes and mortgages, who took them before due, while the first defense was plainly no defense at all. All the holders were *bona fide* holders before due, or at least the farmers could not prove otherwise, hence it seemed apparent that the notes and mortgages were all protected

by the constitutional provision which prevented the impairment of contracts.

Nevertheless the appeal to the legislature was made, and made successfully. When six thousand farmers spoke in one voice and demanded legislative help, the voice was by no means a still, small voice, but a very loud and compelling voice. The legislature heard this voice and by Chapter 49 of the laws of 1858 declared in substance that in all actions brought to enforce the mortgages, commonly called farm mortgages, given to railroad or other incorporated companies as a basis of credit or in exchange for stock, the defense of fraud should be available, as well against the assignee as against the original holder, and that no assignee thereof should be permitted to claim that he was an innocent holder without notice.

It seems very clear now that this law by its terms impaired the obligations of existing contracts, but the argument was then that it only changed a rule of evidence.

The law was soon tested. Three foreclosures had been brought to trial in the Circuit Courts in 1859, in which the two defenses above named were made and successfully made, and the cases were all heard on appeal in the Supreme Court in March, 1860, just preceding the election in which A. Scott Sloan ran for Chief Justice as a Republican nominee against Judge Dixon, Independent, and was defeated by the narrow majority of about 400 votes. This campaign was a very heated one, and the great predominating issue was whether or not the Court should stand by the extreme state rights posi-

tion which it had taken in the Booth case in defiance of the United States Supreme Court. The farm mortgage question was raised, however, to this extent, namely, that the partisans of each candidate claimed that his candidate was favorable to the law and that the opposing candidate was against it. However, no authoritative statement was made or authorized by either candidate, and it cannot be asserted with confidence that the question cut any figure in the campaign.

The cases were decided in June and July, 1860, and both of the supposed defenses were pronounced worthless. Judge Dixon treated the question of the validity of the law of 1858 in the case of Cornell vs. Hichens in a few characteristic sentences, and held that by the transfer of the notes and the operation of the law then in force the plaintiffs had an immediate and vested right to look to the makers for full payment, regardless of any equities which existed as between them and the company; and that this right could not in any way be destroyed or impaired by the legislature. This decision came as a rude shock to the farm mortgagors. It meant bankruptcy and ruin to many of them and hardship to all. Local associations had already been formed, but now the need of concerted action was felt, and on July 12, 1860, a state convention was held at Watertown, which was attended by the victims of eight railroads, coming principally from the rural districts in the southern part of the state and representing twelve counties.

At this convention a state league was formed, an

official paper established, and adjournment taken until October following. The paper was called the "Home League"; it was edited by A. M. Thomson, was a neat four page country weekly, published at Hartford; was independent in politics, and its object was to forward the interests of the League. The object of the League was to influence public opinion, legislatures and courts, if possible, by showing a united front. It is said in the first number of the paper that there were six thousand farm mortgagors, who represented about $5,000,000 of mortgages.

The closing paragraphs of the leading editorial in the first issue of the League are sufficiently descriptive of its purpose, and are as follows:

"The Home League is the farm mortgagor's flag! It is the olive branch to those who desire peace, but the gleam of the battle axe to such as prefer war. That flag has been nailed to the mast by their own brawny arms, and woe to the kid gloves that essay to tear it down. * * * Does it do any good to ring the alarm bell when the conflagration spreads at midnight? Does it do any good to fire the signal gun when the ship is sinking? Why, even wild horses, it is said, with instinctive caution, set one of their number to keep sentinel while the herd is feeding, to give alarm of the approach of danger, and is it not wisdom in us to put a watchman on duty when we know there are robbers about? *The rattlesnake gives fair notice ere he strikes; so beware, O stock-*

jobber, when you hear the rattle! The fang follows the warning!"

This organization and this newspaper organ brought together in a compact body several thousand voters who for several years acted together and dominated both parties so far as the question of farm mortgages was concerned, and practically dictated to the legislature what laws should be passed on that subject.

The potency of this movement was doubtless very clear to the Supreme Court in June and July, 1860. Judge Cole's term expired in the following spring; a few hundred votes might easily turn the scale, but neither the Court nor Judge Cole faltered in the least. They had solemnly promised to support the Constitution and they did so regardless of the probable effect of their ruling upon the approaching election.

The decision in the *Cornell* case was denounced by the "Home League," by the majority of the Democratic papers, and by many of the rural Republican papers as an unrighteous surrender to stockjobbers and bondholders. Some of the leading papers of the state, however, approved of the decision on the ground that any other decision would have amounted to repudiation and would have effectually ruined the credit of the young state.

The concerted attack of the farm mortgagors upon both the legislature and the Court began in October, 1860. A second convention was held at Watertown October 9th, and a committee appointed to prepare an address to the people. Probably it was not seriously expected that the

Supreme Court would reverse its former ruling, even if Judge Cole should be defeated for re-election, but it was important to place a judge on the bench in place of Judge Cole who should be in sympathy with the farm mortgagors when the new legislation which they confidently expected to secure in the session of 1861 should come before the Court. Denunciation of the Court was therefore kept up in the Home League, and it was even suggested that Dixon ought to be impeached. The address was issued just as the legislature was assembling; it details the wrongs of the farm mortgagors and appeals for help to the legislature. Responding to this appeal, the legislature passed in March of that year a wonderful act of eight pages regulating the foreclosure of mortgages given for stock in corporations, which makes the proceedings so long, laborious and uncertain that in effect it takes away any remedy.

It would be tiresome to attempt even to briefly name the various delays and hindrances which this act throws in the way. Dilatory motions, appeals without security, changes of venue, stays of proceedings, and all manner of tedious and long drawn out impediments to the course of justice are provided for, and it would be a poor lawyer indeed who could not delay the progress of the action in the trial court for years; and even after judgment in that court four years' time is given to appeal, and a sale of the property prohibited until that time has expired, while a mere notice of appeal operates as a stay of proceedings.

A few members of the legislature denounced the act

as a bald attempt to nullify contracts, but it went through with a rush; both parties were terrorized by the Home League and little attention was paid to the objecting members.

Meantime the question as to the election of a successor to Judge Cole in April was becoming acute. On February 20th a caucus of Republican members of the legislature was held. Although Judge Cole had been elected by a united party in 1855, and had demonstrated his ability, the attitude of the farm mortgagors so terrorized the Republican legislators that they dared not endorse him for re-election, and the caucus resolved to present no candidate. Judge Cole ran on a non-partisan call. James H. Knowlton of Janesville was called out to run against him, and the campaign was on. It was a fair issue between repudiation of private debts and obedience to the Constitution.

Judge Cole had taken his position to the effect that the Constitution must be obeyed. Mr. Knowlton had attacked the decision in the farm mortgage cases in newspaper articles, in which he argued that corporations had no power to take notes and mortgages in payment for stock; so it was known where each candidate stood. There was considerable vigorous campaigning by the farm mortgagors. In some precincts in the farm mortgage districts Judge Cole received no votes at all; for a number of days it seemed that Knowlton was elected, but as the returns from the north and northwest came in the complexion

of the result changed, and Judge Cole's final majority was something over 5,000 votes.

The good sense of the state had triumphed and fidelity to the Constitution had been rewarded, but only after a bitter contest and a campaign which Judge Cole could ill afford to make.

The act of 1861 was held unconstitutional when it came before the Court in the January term, 1862, and Judge Cole wrote the opinion. Other laws were passed in 1863, 1864 and 1867, intended to make foreclosures difficult or to make jury trials obligatory and the verdicts conclusive, but they were successively held unconstitutional, the final opinion being written by Judge Byron Paine at the June term, 1868.

Here the efforts of the legislature to relieve the farm mortgagors seem to have ended in what might be called complete failure. This conclusion, however, would hardly be an accurate one. It is true that the relief laws had all been set aside, but still they had been of some practical effect. While on the statute books they had undoubtedly served as a club under the fear of which many holders of mortgages had deemed it best to settle their claims at a reduction and sometimes a considerable reduction from the face value. Probably not many of the farmers paid dollar for dollar of the principal and interest of their mortgages, and some secured very favorable settlements.

In reviewing this contest one cannot help sympathizing with the farm mortgagors in their efforts to escape payment of debts which represented little or no value,

but the object of this paper is to bring significantly to the memory the fact that in a time of great public clamor, and when threatened with official death, the Supreme Court of Wisconsin hewed exactly to the line, regardless of consequences to themselves, and faithfully carried out the trust which had been reposed in them. By that action, and in spite of repeated legislative attempts to the contrary, the state was saved from the stigma of wholesale repudiation of private debts. The Court could truly say with St. Paul that it had fought the good fight and kept the faith.

ON GROWING OLD.

By Neal Brown.

We have schools for man's first childhood, none for his second. The faults of youth, and of ripened manhood are emphasized in age. The puppyism of youth often hardens into the dogmatism of age. There are faults due to mental and physical decay, there are other faults due to lack of mental discipline or good sense,—which lack may be of an ancestral kind. The first, we look upon charitably, the latter we do not so easily forgive.

Age is apt to speak with its own authority, not with the authority of worth. Often the man in years demands more than is his due. If he has done worthy things, the years speak for him, but alone, the voice of age has a quavering sound. If he has had full years they will in some degree, condone his barren unfruitful years. But if he has had no full years, assertion makes him tedious. If he try to make up for the paucity of his life by relating supposititious triumphs,—by throwing boquets at himself, his friends will evade him.

We tolerate the vealy vanities, the assertiveness and cock-sureness of youth, but will not allow these in three score. Self pride of a sort, is a great character builder; but of a different quality is the egotism that wastes itself in self worship, or the pride that is like the peacock's preening.

Usually a man's worthy actions are prompted by mixed motives. His deeds of generosity may come because of his desire to build up his own self respect, to gain the respect of others, or because of humanitarian impulse and love of his fellow man. He need not be disparaged because all of these reasons combine. But now and then we meet a man whose generosity is only another form of tribute to his own vanity. He will do showy things to make his tribute greater, but not little deeds of justice and forbearance that have no herald. He will be mean where meanness cannot be advertised, generous where his actions can be proclaimed. Shakespeare's admonition, "To thine own self be true," has a various meaning. Being true to self may mean being true to what is false. Loyalty is not per se a virtue. Nero was true to self, but what of that self?

The big man of big egotisms has many justifications. He has probably done the things that count. But the little egotist of big egotisms, is offensive, not so much because of his egotisms, as because of his littleness and inefficiency. Often such a one furnishes a paradox. He will be afflicted with a subconscious feeling that if he do not boast and greatly pretend he will not convince others that he is all he claims,—nay, not even convince himself. Hence, his anxious eagerness to conceal the truth, to overcome disbelief. All these vices may harden with the hardening of the arteries. Should we not then look for fit instruction to grow old manfully if not gracefully?

But age is apt to be resentful of instruction. On

occasion it is fitting to tell a young man that he is an ass. It may be a useful part of his education. But who will be brave enough to hold the mirror up to nature at three score?

Sometimes amusedly, sometimes in contempt, we look down upon garrulous, noisy youth, perceiving its lack of serious purpose, its callow vices, its fits and starts, its incoherent nebula of thought. But judgment of youth unleavened by kindness, is unjust. He who takes the judgment seat upon human frailty should think of his own follies, his own vices, his own mistakes,—not only those of his youth, but those of his age, and pray for a humble and contrite heart. If he has gained wisdom, or great place or power he will, in his heart of hearts, know that not to him alone is the victory. He will know that the favor of Fortune is not all due to his worth, but in part at least, to chance and accident, and to causes that he did not control.

When we grow rebukeful of modern youth, we should recall Tennyson's tolerant lines—

> "For many a father have I seen,
> A sober man among his boys
> Who wears his manhood hale and green,
> Whose youth was full of foolish noise."

The successful man is apt to prescribe the regimen that he adopted, or that was forced upon him, to aspiring youth who may need counsel. Yet as there is no royal road to fortune, so there is no patent method of gaining success. The hut and the palace have alike contributed to the roll of fame. Pride of birth and circumstances

may ennoble men and make them strong; so may also privation and hardship. Yet while early poverty may make a man strong, it may also embitter and narrow him so that he will be always only half made up,—his usefulness to the world and to himself a doubtful thing.

To look from the sophisticated Present to the unsophisticated Past, makes great events and heroic figures that once held the stage, seem small. Where are the feuds and animosities of your youth, or, even those of manhood's prime? Time has belittled Homeric battles that once echoed to the clouds. Forty years ago you and Smith hated each other, and you and Tompkins took no comfort in living on the same earth together. Fifty years ago, Jones defeated you for the office of Justice of the Peace, or County Clerk,—offices of meager honor and emolument. The whole world seemed black and hopeless to you when you found that Jones was the more popular man. Now you laugh and jest with Smith, and Jones, and Tompkins, and many another disturber of your youthful peace and happiness. Your early loss came to be your great gain. If you had been allowed to hold office, you might have become a mere municipal hired man with the hired-man-habit. If you had gained the much-sought prize of a seat in Congress, and had clung to the place long enough to acquire the Member-of-Congress-habit, you might have become like many another who has gained, like honor,—a cringing, fawning, servile courtier of our great Tyrant,—Public Opinion. Be thankful that you have kept your manhood.

I would also commend the motto which a veteran man of affairs kept hung up in his office,—

"I am an old man and full of troubles, and most of them never happened."

With such philosophy, the man in years may cheerfully meet many oppressions—and not the least of these will be the oppression of evil laws. And yet—

> "How small, of all that human hearts endure,
> That part which kings or laws, can cause or cure."

These thoughts are among the compensations of age. But with all its compensations, age has yet many tragedies hard to endure. The old man finds that many of his hopes have withered; that many of his ambitions are unsatisfied. He started out in life with great ambitions to become a prime minister, a president, to command the applause of listening senates, to achieve great riches. He slowly finds that his initial ambition can bear no fruit, and that he must be content with little. He must learn to secure a degree of comfort in lowering his ambition to second place, or to third place, or to no place at all. But age brings the compensation of a better judgment of values.

If a man has grown in wisdom as in years, the prize he once longed for, has grown smaller and smaller, until it seems unattractive. It has lost its value and cannot discontent him. Wealth and great place stand alike condemned. If, through all disappointments, he can hold fast to his ideals and retain the contented mind, the unembittered thought, and look calmly out upon the uneasy

world, without censuring Fortune for her lack of favor, without disparagement or envy of those who have been more successful, who shall say that he has lost?

Age may be well spent in simple ways and simple joys, in the companionship of books and of kindly spirits. These influences have power "to turn an old man young."

John Burroughs says that the most precious resources of age are Nature, friends and books.

I have seen a white haired ancient, once a notable figure with rod and reel, creep into the stream with faltering steps, fumbling his tackle with trembling fingers, his eyes dimmed, the light tackle all too heavy for his abated strength, yet bravely venturing forth, not content to sit by the hearthstone and accept the portion of age. The pathos of decrepitude is emphasized in him. For he is struggling to bring back the love of his unstricken years—the glory of the stream and the splendor of days that can never more return.

The youthful devotee of simple pleasures may find that he has laid up for the comfort of his age a contented joy that even age cannot stifle. More tragic is the life that has never known these loves—that has narrowed slowly and inertly down through the dust of its last decade, attaining only the status of a human vegetable. Such a one cannot feel the thrill, the revolt against the infirmities of age, the wild longing to revisit the scenes of earlier devotion, and to live over again the raptures of long ago.

Always should—

> **"Manhood's noonday shadows hold**
> **The dews of boyhood's morning."**

Thoreau could find the contented mind in his cabin on the shores of Walden Pond, even though unblest with worldly goods or family ties. Father Damien found it among the lepers. Stevenson, ordered south under sentence of death, found it on the wind-swept mountain top in far off southern seas. Men and women of the noblest blood of France fled from the guillotine to garrets in other lands, where they spent their age and earned their bread in menial tasks, without complaint and in smiling intrepidity.

So many great souls have justified our faith in manhood and in the power and might of man. In many lonely places men have found refuge from a despiteful world and have lived and died in peace. When one thinks of the lonely old age that may be his portion, he can find comfort in the example of these expatriates. For he who gives up the world, not because of cowardice, but because of some great ideal of service to man, or because he is broken with age and failing power, cannot be entirely unjustified.

'Tis an appealing picture which wise old Horace presents to us. He knew cities and crowds and yet loved country life and country ways. He retired to his farm in the Sabine Hills, there to spend a peaceful and contented age, not fawning to either patrician or plebeian, and with an infinitely just judgment of social values.

He who has a little competency to keep him from sordid and bitter dependency, a few friends whose affection will cheer his declining years, the companionship of

his books, and of the green fields and woods and streams that he has grown to love, and some faithful soul to comfort him when the final summons comes,—these will be the great compensations of his age. And if he can happily have wife and children to help him bear the burdens of age, he will be indeed blest, even though all the rewards and prizes of worldly success have turned to ashes.

Growing old has many stages. You can remember the time when, in reading your favorite author, you were disgusted to find that he had made his hero forty years old, and you wondered how he could be guilty of imputing romance to such an unconscionable age. By and by, even though you found forty years to be the old age of youth, you were solaced by the thought that it was the youth of old age, and still later you will wonder where youth ends and old age begins.

In many assemblages you once found yourself the youngest man, or among the youngest. But with the swift-flying years, you finally found yourself equal in age to most of those in all assemblies; but the time comes when only younger men are crowding around you. And when you try to evade the thought that you are growing old, along comes some kindly friend with the greeting,—"How *young* you are looking."

You grow to regard as babes, wild young blades of forty and fifty. You may comfort yourself with the thought expressed by Holmes. He says that he could feel fairly immune from death as long as older men whom

he knew, still remained, especially if they were of a much greater age than himself. They were farther out on the skirmish line, and must be taken first.

But this comfort must be denied you when the outer defenses are gone and the outposts have been taken. When three score and ten becomes three score and twenty, or three score and thirty, even though judgment seems to be indefinitely stayed, comes the great tragedy. For he who has attained this length of years, so far beyond that allotted to man, looks out upon a world that must seem silent and deserted.

> "The mossy marbles rest
> On the lips that he has prest
> In their bloom,
> And the names he loved to hear
> Have been carved for many a year
> On the tomb."

> "All are gone, the old familiar faces."

He and death alone remain. For even the great destroyer seems to have a certain respect for such advanced age.

To youth death presents a countenance ruthless and terrible. But often with the last survivor of his generation, death seems to forget his office, and to show a fine and friendly countenance, as if he would say,

> We two must gaze upon each other for a little while.

The thought of this delayed traveler might be like that carved on a headstone in an old German churchyard;—

> "O Lord, when thou callest me I will come, but now let me rest a little for I am very weary."

Youth is cruel because unthinking. Manhood often does not venerate justice and mercy. Justice must always stand at the court of conscience, our advocate or our accuser. The saddest hours of age are those of retrospect over injustice done and wrongs which never can be righted. To a soul struggling with such remembrance, the waters of Lethe are more desired than the fountain of eternal youth. If we could only forget! Can you forget the gentle soul that watched and wept over you, and hoped and prayed for you, only to meet careless and unworthy requital? Where are the waters of Lethe that you may drink oblivion? Untroubled and happy must be the age that does not have these memories.

As Burns is our great poet of the affection, so Holmes is surely the poet of age. Over life's decline he has woven in verse many felicitous half jesting, half melancholy fancies. He sees the tragic side of age, yet will have his jest, and quip, and merry disdain. Nor does this jesting ever undignify the subject, and he has many lines of solemn, tender beauty and sadness.

The old man who loves books, should often read Holmes, for, if other poets have written the epic of youth, he has written the epic of both youth and age. For he who would grow old graciously must have the heart of a child as well as the wisdom of ripened manhood.

I give you here a few fragments from Holmes. In birthday verses to Lowell he writes:

> "We will not speak of years to-night,—
> For what have years to bring
> But larger floods of love and light,
> And sweeter songs to sing?"

Thus he satirizes amatory age:

"Though young no more, we still would dream
Of beauty's dear deluding wiles;
The leagues of life to graybeards seem
Shorter than boyhood's lingering miles."

In 1854 he wrote "The Old Man Dreams," in 1859 "A Modernized Version of Gil Blas." His "Last Leaf" is a household poem.

In 1882 he wrote "Before the Curfew," a poem of exceeding beauty.

"Not bed-time yet! The night-winds blow,
The stars are out,—full well we know
The nurse is on the stair,
With hand of ice and cheek of snow,
And frozen lips that whisper low,
Come, Children, it is time to go
My peaceful couch to share.
* * * * * *
No years a faithful heart can tire;
Not bed-time yet! come stir the fire
And warm your dear old hands;
Kind Mother Earth we love so well
Has pleasant stories yet to tell
Before we hear the curfew bell;
Still glow the burning brands.
* * * * * *
Not bed-time yet! The full-blown flower
Of all the year—this evening hour—
With friendship's flame is bright;
Life still is sweet, the heavens are fair,
Though fields are brown and woods are bare,
And many a joy is left to share
Before we say Good-night."

There is much more, but I must draw this paper to a close. I would like to have carved in marble over the grave of Holmes, the lines he dedicated to Lowell:—

"Rest to his hours of manly toil,
Peace to his starlit dreams,
Who loved alike the furrowed soil,
The music-haunted streams."

I have heard one of your number read at former meetings a poem entitled—

"I want to Hear the Old Band Play."

The plaintive note running through the poem is the romance and glamour of the old friends, the old times, the old scenes, and the old days. And when the aged author of this poem hears the new band play the new tunes, it makes him long to hear the old band play, for in his heart still live the melodies of youth.

The most pathetic thought that comes to us is, that if he could hear the old band play, he would be disappointed. In memory he hears it play with the fancied feelings of youth, and he idealizes it as he idealizes the hills, and streams, and scenes of early years; even as the sound of distant church bells heard over summer fields has a cadence of beauty that is lost when you reach the shadow of the steeple.

If the gray-haired dreamer revisits the past he can not make it seem the same. The hills will be smaller, and the fields different, and the streams will have a lessened charm. He is like a parent who thinks of the child he lost long years before, and idealizes its memory. But if by miracle he could again see this child, he might suffer dreadful disappointment, unless he too could retrace the years and be what he was when the child was taken away.

The pathos of this song is typical, and yet, while in some of our moods we would like to hear the *old* band

play, we might be almost afraid to have it play, lest its music suffer from the disillusions of our age.

So many graves have grown green, so many hopes have vanished, so many changes have come since our youth, that we can never bring back the old feeling, the old view-point. I too, want to hear the old band play, and yet this wish has its fearful element.

> " * * * * * your old men shall dream
> dreams, and your young men shall see visions."

So we look "across the great gulf of time and parting, and grief."

So we have with us, both the dreamland of youth, and the dreamland of age.

Yet in our age we can illumine our dreams by remembering the visions of our youth.

Until shall come to each,—

> **"The poppied sleep, the end of all."**

AT OCONOMOWOC.

By John Goadby Gregory.

Too late for an outing's as bad as too soon;
The properest date is the middle of June.
The sun is a bridegroom, the year is his bride,
The flowers are blooming in beauty and pride,
The rose on its stem and the pink on its stalk,
When the Phantoms go out to Oconomowoc.

The lake's silver disk with its margin of green
Makes a picture enchanting as ever was seen.
Delightful upon the bright waters to ride!
Inspiring to meet those who dwell by their side!
Unbounded enjoyment there's nothing to balk
When the Phantoms go out to Oconomowoc.

Comes Petit to bid them his guests at Oak Knoll—
The good shot, the good chauffer, good banker, good soul,
The good host, whose contentment quite largely depends
On the joy he creates in the hearts of his friends.
There's rare entertainment, there's rollicking talk,
When the Phantoms go out to Oconomowoc.

The Phantoms, like Moore, have the wisdom to say,
"As we journey through life, let us live by the way!"
And to help to give life a particular zest,
They adhere to the rule of selecting the best.
From the zone of the ostrich to that of the auk,
What surpasses Oak Knoll and Oconomowoc!

June, 1911.

IN MEMORIAM.

TRIBUTES TO CAPT. IRVING M. BEAN, OGDEN H. FETHERS, JUDGE JOSEPH V. QUARLES AND JAMES A. BRYDEN.

Address of Judge James G. Jenkins, before the Phantom Club, at Oconomowoc, June 18, 1911:

Another outing of the Immortals! Another milestone reached on the life journey of the Phantoms! Another gathering of the clan to enjoy for a season the beauties of Nature; to indulge delightful hospitality; to encourage the love of letters; to listen once again to words of wisdom and of beauty as they fall from the lips of philosopher and of poet; to strengthen faith in the virtues of indomitable courage, of unfaltering hope, and in the spirit of kindly fellowship which lightens pain and is the solace of life; to recall in loving memory those of our band who have passed beyond the veil.

The years have dealt tenderly with some of us; to others they have brought care and suffering. The well and the strong would, if they could, share the burden of those afflicted. They at least may tender their love and sympathy.

Since we last met, death has claimed one of our number. At that outing Phantom Bean lay in a distant city wounded unto death. But he forgot not the meeting of the comrades, and from his bed of pain sent a loving

message. "I have had," he said, "a little bad luck recently, but the worst stroke of all is my inability to be with you. My spirit, hopeful and unimpaired, will be wholly with you all."

We wired him greeting and expressed the hope—"May the day be far distant when Comrade Bean shall become a disembodied Phantom."

But that hope was not to be realized. The summer passed, and when the leaves had fallen and the year was dying our friend and comrade bowed his head to the inevitable. "God's finger touched him and he slept." He was a loyal citizen, a brave soldier, a genial, cultured gentleman.

If death be the end and the end all of life, we may at least indulge the consolation, touching him and each of our comrades who have gone, that—

"After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well,"

leaving behind him the goodly example of a career void of offense.

If, however, as the world would trust, there remains for all the countless dead another and a better life; if the spirits of the dead indeed re-visit the scenes of earth; if the departed indeed take cognizance of the affairs of time, may we not indulge the pleasing hope that the freed spirits of our departed comrades linger near us upon these accustomed outings, sharing our joy, participating in the delights of friendship; and may we not hope to catch from them some spark of inspiration that shall aid to the intelligent discharge of duty; that shall prompt to nobler and to kindlier lives?

Address of Judge James G. Jenkins, at the Phantom Club Outing, June 16, 1912:

PHANTOMS:—At our last outing there were two comrades present whose faces we shall see no more. They were intimate and life-long companions, examples of the friendship which is said to have existed between David and Jonathan. They were united in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided. The one came to that meeting with slow and painful step, conscious that he could never be with us again. He came with the mark of death upon him and yet was loth to go without meeting once more the comrades with whom he had long been associated, and joining for the last time in the delights of kindly fellowship.

The other, in marked contrast, came joyous, bright, gladsome, full of enthusiasm, replete with the love and enjoyment of life, mental and physical. Of the comrades present, he seemed the most ardent, the most appreciative and the most entertaining. He read upon that occasion a paper upon the subject of "New England Reticence," which exhibited the mental vigor, the studious research, the philosophical mind and the cultured style of a finished scholar.

Mark now how strange and unaccountable are the decrees of fate! The one who came to us with the stamp of death upon him, lingered for some months before he passed beyond mortal ken. The other, who was so joyous and full of life, within ten days after our meeting entered upon the great unknown.

I can never forget the parting with Ogden Fethers. When bidding him farewell I asked when we might expect to see him in Milwaukee. With tears in his eyes his answer was, "I fear my next visit to Milwaukee will be to attend the funeral of poor Joe." He did not live to perform that mournful duty. His next visit to Milwaukee was when his body was borne thither for cremation.

Judge Quarles was an eminent citizen of the Republic. He had filled exalted stations for which his attainments had greatly qualified him. As a state senator he rendered efficient service to his state. As a senator of the United States he took part in the great debates which settled the policy of the nation, and was a zealous and persistent worker in the committees which investigated conditions and framed laws to rectify abuses. As a judge of the United States District Court he labored in the performance of duty with unflagging zeal, with great ability and with absolute inpartiality. The daily familiar intercourse with him, which it was my privilege for several years to enjoy, bred in me a fondness for him which renders it difficult to speak of him in measured terms. Suffice it to say, that he was a kindly man and just; loyal to every duty, devoted in his friendships, faithful to every trust.

Mr. Fethers was one of the most lovable men I ever knew. His exuberant love of life and of books, possibly overshadowed, in a measure, his real ability as a lawyer and a man of affairs. While in active practice he stood in the front rank of his profession and was deliberate and acute in the transaction of business. He at one time en-

tered political life. To his credit be it said, he therein failed. On one occasion, deeming it his duty to oppose, as he did successfully, the nominee of his party, he was afterwards, in some degree, politically ostracized by the party in his locality. He made the mistake of daring to be independent, of presuming to be true to his own convictions, and in refusing to bow to the party yoke. That was then accounted a cardinal sin, but is coming to be considered a public virtue. But it was as a social companion that he shone resplendent. Of a sunny, genial disposition, he was the life of every friendly gathering, diffusing mirth and kindly fellowship. His coming was the entrance of a beam of sunshine. His presence was an inspiration. He was a ripe scholar. Like the humming bird, he fluttered about every flower of poetry and prose, sipping the honey of the thought and storing it in his mind to exhale it for the delight of friends. A genial gentleman. A most lovable man.

Farewell, companions and brothers. Upon your graves we scatter the flowers of our affections and hold in loving keeping the memories of your noble and useful lives. You sleep the sleep that knows no disturbing dreams. From the cares and troubles of life you are now absolved. The infinite in very deed hath granted you good deliverance.

Comrades, they have by but a little preceded us on the journey which each of us must take. One by one, and shortly now for some of us, we must bid adieu to the scenes of earth and go unattended into the Great Un-

known. May the certainty of the event and the brevity of life, inspire us to make the best of the remnant of time that remains, and to be more kindly and more faithful in the discharge of the duty which we owe to the living.

Address of Gerry W. Hazelton, at the Phantom Club Outing, June 15, 1913:

MR. PRESIDENT: We miss from our gathering today the kindly familiar face of Brother Bryden, one of the charter members of the Phantom Club. He has been such a regular attendant at our annual outings that his absence is all the more noticeable, and the fact that he will meet with us never again occasions unfeigned sorrow in the hearts of all of us. A resident of Milwaukee for more than half a century, he was among its oldest and most highly respected citizens, and his death will be widely lamented.

A native of Scotland, he possessed in full measure the characteristics of his countrymen, but at the same time it can be said that he was a thoroughly loyal American, and deeply attached to our republican institutions. No one could be more so. His life was an open book. Integrity of thought and purpose was stamped upon his features and illustrated in his life.

Thurlow Weed, founder of the Albany Evening Journal, in his volume of "Recollections" speaks of the passengers he found on the packet ship Washington which sailed from New York to Liverpool in the spring

of 1843. Among these were many natives of Ireland who were returning to their own little island after an unsatisfactory experience with conditions in the New World. One day he happened to encounter a genuine Scotchman whose dialect could not be mistaken, and when he inquired of him if he also was tired of America, he was quickly advised to the contrary. The Scotchman told him he had purchased a farm at Clinton, near Utica, and had three boys old enough to manage it and more coming on—in fact, he was the father of fourteen children. He was going to Scotland on business, and expected to be back in season to assist in harvesting the crop. The name of the Scotchman was Bryden, and James, of whom we are speaking, was one of his boys.

In early life he joined the tide of young men who were coming West to enter upon business or professional careers, and fortunately located in Milwaukee, where he passed an active and useful life and accumulated a property amply sufficient for all his needs. His presentation to Milwaukee and the public of the beautiful statue of Burns, which is one of the artistic attractions of the city, is conclusive evidence of his public spirit. It attests, moreover, his loyalty to the land of his birth, and his pride in the great names which have made Scotland "beloved at home, revered abroad."

Enjoying the respect and good will of his business associates and the esteem and confidence of a wide circle of friends, his life may be cited as illustrating an exemplary and needed type of valuable citizenship.

Not showy, not demonstrative, not what the world calls book-wise, he was a stanch friend, a sturdy and loyal American, true to the best traditions and teachings of the Republic, and deeply interested in the public welfare; and after all, it is upon the citizens of his stamp, and not upon the demagogues and self-seekers we must rely for the stability and efficiency of our institutions.

He evinced no desire at any time to enter the field of politics, but he was a prominent member of the Chamber of Commerce and twice elected president of that body; he was an active and influential member and for several years at the head of St. Andrew's Society of Milwaukee; he was also elected president of the Old Settlers' Club, and at one time represented the old Seventh Ward in the Common Council.

In addition to what has been said concerning the Burns statue, it is proper to add that the gift was the consummation of a desire long entertained. His admiration of the distinguished poet was an open secret. With the best known of his poems our brother was familiar and many of them he loved to repeat. Those who witnessed the impressive ceremonial when the statue was unveiled in June, 1909, cannot fail to recall the joyous satisfaction which he manifested on the occasion. His one ambition, so long and ardently cherished, had at last been realized, and it may be safely assumed that the event marked the proudest and happiest moment of his life. And well it might. He had made not only the present but succeeding generations his debtor, and could not fail

to know that through all the coming years his name will be gratefully associated with that splendid triumph of art.

This is not the time or the place for attempting an elaborate sketch of our deceased brother, but the occasion calls for an expression of our sense of the loss we have sustained in his departure and an appreciative reference to his sterling qualities. We tender our sincere sympathy to his widow and surviving kindred, with the assurance that the memory of the departed will be tenderly cherished by every member of our club.

PHANTOM CLUB ROSTER.

James G. Jenkins

Gerry W. Hazelton

De Witt Davis

Neal Brown

George R. Peck

Louis J. Petit

Frederick C. Winkler

John G. Gregory

John B. Winslow

Eugene W. Chafin

Rolland L. Porter

John W. P. Lombard

William H. Osborne

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